

The U. S. at the sixth UN Assembly

The best assurance we have that Soviet Russia will not invade Western Europe before 1952 arises from the fact that the sixth annual United Nations Assembly will be in session in Paris through November and December. The Kremlin gang may be cold-blooded, but not to the extent of sacrificing its top-level diplomats, who will be hostages to peace in Paris. Whether the Assembly will accomplish anything positive for peace depends on the willingness of spokesmen for the free nations to brand Russia openly as the real disturber of the peace. Some good might be accomplished, for instance, if a U. S. representative quoted Air Force Commander Hoyt Vandenberg's recent insinuation that the pilots of the Communist MIG jet fighters are all Russians. Or if someone asked from the floor why the Secretary General has consistently refused to put on the agenda documented proof that the Soviet Union is deliberately exterminating the native populations of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia. Mr. Lie himself proposed item 57 on the agenda: "Request of the Government of China for revision of the Chinese text of the Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide." Let us hope that, once the text is revised, Mr. Lie will have time to take note of the race-murders (genocide) in the Baltic States. The average citizen would not be so exasperated with the UN as he is if he had any assurance that our own delegation was not also planning to let bad enough alone. But the few indications ascertainable are that it is going to do no more than enough to keep its franchise.

... has a good solid program?

John D. Hickerson, Assistant Secretary of State for United Nations Affairs, told the Association for the United Nations in New York on October 21 that the U. S. delegation's "good, solid program" at the Assembly would be to: 1) demand greater contributions from other nations for the war in Korea; 2) work for the merger of the UN Atomic Energy Commission and the Commission on Conventional Armaments; 3) "continue to give support to the work of the UN Trusteeship Council in promoting the development of economic well-being and progressive self-development of dependent areas and peoples"; 4) get approval of the report of the Collective Measures Committee's plan for political, economic and military sanctions to be invoked in the event of aggression against any nation in the world. The first three of these points are good enough and solid enough, but are they important enough to warrant sending a large U. S. delegation to Paris and maintaining it there for several months? The Collective Measures plan is neither good nor solid, as we indicated last week in discussing Trygve Lie's grand design for a world-wide collective security system. To hold out the hope, as Mr. Hickerson did, that the UN collective-security program, based as it is on nothing but the Assembly's power of recommending joint action after aggression

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has occurred, can be strengthened to the point "that Communist aggressors will have no choice but to abandon aggression," verges on the fraudulent. General Eisenhower has been struggling for months to integrate into an effective force a handful of divisions from six or seven nations. The deficiencies disclosed by the recent maneuvers mean that his work is far from finished. If the Defense Department approved U. S. sponsorship of this UN security plan, with its "Executive Military Authority, which may be one or more states, and may include the victim state," which Authority names a Commander-in-Chief, to whom the various national contingents, "all provided with their own commanders and officers," will report—all after aggression has begun—then indeed are we lost.

The peddlers of smut

We were shocked to learn, a little while ago, the extent to which leaders in the dope racket enlisted the aid of teen-age "pushers," middlemen who passed the stuff on for a good financial consideration—after, of course, having contracted the habit themselves. Well, it turns out that the same diabolical method is used by the kings of the smut racket. In a sensational article in the November *Woman's Home Companion*, Albert Q. Maisel tells the whole foul story. It is sensational, but not irresponsible. Mr. Maisel names names—of smut peddlers who have been caught and convicted (often with ludicrous leniency), of local, State and Federal agents who are combating the racket (with dishearteningly little success). He tells of school officials, and even of parents, who "clam up" when the delicate matter is called to their attention. He details the steps by which the racket operates and grows. The first step is quite generally an ad in one of the photography or "art" magazines, offering "frank" pictures, which often enough are not completely objectionable. A curious youngster answers the ad, and soon he is being offered stuff that is revoltingly pornographic—not only pictures, but records and even full-length movies. Then comes the suggestion that he can make a good income if he will act as agent in interesting his fellows. And so the corruption spreads. It is particularly hard to track down. The great centers, says Mr. Maisel, for this traffic in smut are New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Detroit and Los Angeles. He estimates that thousands of youngsters are being debauched, and he names some public schools

in which large groups have admitted to carrying on the traffic. It is a nauseating and heart-breaking picture.

... can be wiped out

But something must and can be done about it. First, State and Federal laws must be tightened up, much as the narcotics laws are being tightened. As it is now, the young folk are frequently given stiff sentences when caught, but the barons of smut, employing smart legal advice and playing on "freedom of the press" and other popular shibboleths, get off with a minor fine. But most of all, says Mr. Maisel, it is the aroused indignation and action of parents that can dry up the dirty channels. He cites the efforts of the Parent-Teachers Association in Chicago:

They divided the city into zones ... and assigned parents to make regular checks of newsstands, poolrooms and school stores. They let proprietors know that they were checking and they reported suspects to the police. The effectiveness of this ... is best demonstrated by the fact that in the last fourteen months ... there has been only one major arrest for peddling pornography to minors.

What is of particular note here is that the PTA in Chicago has enjoyed the close cooperation of the same Catholic mothers' groups which have had notable success in cleaning up the pocket-size books with suggestive covers. This is a cue for Catholic parents elsewhere. If you suspect a smut peddler is stalking *your* neighborhood, alert such organizations as the PTA, cooperate with them and help put the vicious corrupters of youth as deep down in the clink as severer laws can send them.

New York dock strike

On October 11, a large majority of the membership of the International Longshoremen's Association voted to ratify a new contract which lifetime President Joseph P. Ryan, with his 125-man wage committee, had negotiated with employers—or at least so Mr. Ryan said. The agreement raised hourly wages ten cents to \$2.10, increased vacation benefits somewhat, upped employer contributions to the union welfare fund, and provided for only one daily shape-up. (The shape-up is an assembly at which dock workers must be present in order to be hired.) Four days later, on October 15, members of Local 791, working Grace and

United States Lines docks in the Chelsea area of Manhattan, failed to report for the morning shape-up. They were quickly joined by a Brooklyn local. Despite flamboyant charges of Communist skulduggery by President Ryan, together with a back-to-work movement sponsored by one of the notorious Anastasia brothers, the wildcat walkout spread. By the end of the week it had crossed the Hudson and shut down docks in Hoboken and Jersey City. Last Monday the giant port of New York, with war shipping piled high on the docks, was closed as tight as a drum. The character of this astonishing, almost leaderless demonstration is clear: it is a desperate, rank-and-file, non-Communist revolt against the administration of President Ryan. The men have long been convinced that Ryan is too friendly toward the employers, and too complacent about the bums and racketeers who infest the docks and throw their weight around in union affairs. However bootless and regrettable this action may be, it is completely understandable. Decent workmen can stand just so much. What New York Harbor needs is a ruthless congressional investigation that will really get to the roots of the corruption which widely prevails there. The Kefauver committee only scratched the surface.

TV agrees to censor itself

It took the motion-picture industry twenty-five years to get around to adopting a self-imposed code of ethics—the Production Code, which, though it has by no means insured that every picture is lily-white, has saved the films from becoming a large-scale moral menace. The TV industry has been wiser in its generation. Meeting in Chicago October 18, eighty members of the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters endorsed a code of ethics to eliminate obscenity, preoccupation with sex, horror dramas and the like in TV programs. The code has yet to be presented to the Association's TV board of directors for approval in December. The code reminds broadcasters that theirs is the responsibility of persuading all sponsors, advertisers and talent agencies that good taste in entertainment is a duty toward society. In addition to various types of obscenity and vulgarity, the code deals with divorce (not to be treated casually), drunkenness (not to be presented as desirable or prevalent), crime (not to be presented as condoned or in a cynical, frivolous manner), brutality (not to be detailed). It will be welcome news, too, that the code suggests a limitation on the length of commercials. Let it not be thought that this code of ethics springs purely from the Galahad heart of the industry. The owners have been forced into it because they have seen the writing on the wall (there is at present a bill before Congress that calls for a national watchdog committee to keep TV on the reservation). But whatever the motive, the step is good and wise. Especially to be commended is the provision that sets up a TV review board to keep an eye on all programming, to receive complaints and to maintain liaison between the industry, the various branches of the Government and the Federal Communications

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Commission. That board is where you will want to write in case the industry doesn't live up to its code.

Heavy taxes

If the tax bill which Congress finally approved on October 19 is deficient both as an income producer and as a bulwark against inflation, the fault lies as much with the public as it does with the legislators. With an election looming just a year ahead, our elected representatives are understandably hypersensitive to public opinion, and what public opinion thinks of the present tax bite, which is the most voracious in our history, is clear enough. We, the public, don't like it, even when we appreciate, as not all of us do, the urgent necessity which has sent Federal expenditures, and tax rates as a consequence, soaring. Furthermore, even the severest critics of congressional faintheartedness may think more kindly of the legislators if they bear in mind that since the outbreak of war in Korea the 82nd Congress and its immediate predecessor have voted a total of \$15.69 billion in new taxes, and that this latest increase, amounting to \$5.69 billion, is the second-largest single tax bill ever voted by an American Congress. Over a year's time, it will take an additional \$2.28 billion from individuals in income taxes, \$2.207 billion from corporations and \$1.204 billion from consumers in higher excises. The following table shows the tax liabilities of married couples with two children under the old and new rates. In all cases the tax is computed on *net income*, that is, income after all allowable deductions.

Income	Present tax	New tax
\$3,000	\$120	\$133
5,000	520	577
8,000	1,152	1,282
15,000	2,900	3,236
25,000	6,268	7,004
100,000	51,913	56,032
500,000	402,456	411,224

Single persons with net incomes as low as \$800 are taxed, and married couples without children with incomes of \$1,500. The former pay \$44, the latter \$66.60.

... and venal tax collectors

Now more than ever, when so many people are paying such large sums to the Government, it is of the utmost importance that the conduct of the Bureau of Internal Revenue be above all suspicion. If there is one thing which angers taxpayers more than Government waste and extravagance, it is the knowledge that the tax laws are not being fairly and honestly administered. Rumors of corruption among Federal tax collectors have recently been confirmed in Boston, San Francisco, St. Louis, New York and several other cities. Before this appears new scandals may have made headlines, all adding up to a mess which the Administration must clean up in a hurry or suffer the wrath of outraged taxpayers. For the purpose of collecting taxes, the country is divided into sixty-four districts, each presided over by a \$10,000-a-year collector. The collectors are all appointed by the President, and only a

minority of them are career men and tax experts. Under their guidance, and the general direction of the head of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, work some 57,000 employees. In an operation of this size some corruption is inevitable, especially since there are so many "respectable" citizens among us ready to pay a bribe to escape their fair share of the tax burden. It is the President's duty, and nobody else's, to see that the dishonesty is kept to an endurable minimum. To this end, Mr. Truman would be well advised to break with the custom of appointing mostly politicians to the sixty-four key collector jobs. Career men are not impervious to corruption, but their melting point may be presumed to be higher than that of politicians.

One war comes to an end

On October 19 at 5:45 P. M. President Truman took pen in hand and signed a joint resolution of Congress declaring an end to the state of war between the United States and Germany. The signing, those with a passion for figures tell us, came five years, five months, twelve days, twenty-two hours and four minutes after the German forces surrendered to the Allied Supreme Command. So slow is the making of even a formal peace in these muddled times. What does the signing mean? It means merely that legally there no longer exists a "state of war" between the United States and Germany, that Germans are no longer enemy aliens. It must not be confused with the peace treaty between Germany and the Big Four which will eventually settle the German problem. It is not even an abrogation of the present Occupation Statute under which the Western Allies exercise some control over the new West German State. That statute is soon to be replaced by a "contractual agreement," which will regulate future relationships until a full treaty can be signed. The statute, further, is being modified day by day—Germany, for instance, can now establish full diplomatic relations with other countries. What, then, is the practical use of declaring an end to the state of war? This American gesture comes at a singularly propitious moment. The Communists are again holding out the bait of a unified Germany as a means of slowing down the incorporation of the Bonn Government into the Atlantic Pact alliance, and its subsequent rearming. This U. S. lead, which will be followed by other Western nations, is thus a fine psychological move to win what wavering German sentiment needs to be won to the West and to integration.

The scientists and the mouse

The scene-stealer, that bane of Hollywood stars, would scarcely be expected to rear his ugly head in a Conference on World Population and Birth Control assembled under the austere aegis of the New York Academy of Science. Yet raise it he did, at the opening session of the two-day meeting in New York on October 21. The top-flight scientists, who came armed with papers on "The Effect of Public Health Developments upon Population Growth" or "Biological and Cultural Factors Affecting Human Fertility" and such-like

topics, must have been slightly miffed when they read the newspaper accounts of their deliberations. With that fine flair for news values that has made American journalism what it is, the reporters seized upon a brief passage in the introductory remarks opening the conference, and the press broke out with headlines like "Drug to Halt Pregnancy Works in Test on Mice." A scientist who is nosed out of top billing by a mouse has a right to be miffed. The mice were reported upon by Prof. Eli D. Goldsmith, chairman of the N. Y. Academy's biology section. In his experiments he had found that a certain chemical, unnamed, when added to the diet of pregnant mice, led to "resorption of the fetus." He planned further experiments to determine 1) whether the chemical would also prevent conception in mice and 2) whether, ultimately, it might be used to prevent conception in human beings. The chemical can be taken orally and, it is said, can be produced in quantity at a reasonable cost. If it does prove contraceptive in humans, it could be added to the diet of a whole population—an interesting prospect for dictators whose territory is overcrowded. From the moralist's point of view, "resorption of the fetus" in humans is murder; while the use of the drug to prevent conception does not differ from any other artificial interference with the normal process of human reproduction.

Orthodox archbishop charges genocide

At a press conference in New York October 22 the Most Rev. Archbishop Michael, head of the Greek Orthodox Church of North and South America, announced his intention of bringing the case of the kidnapped Greek children before the Paris meeting of the United Nations. The retention of thousands of children 7-17 years of age by Communist satellite nations is termed by Archbishop Michael "a challenge to the conscience of the community of nations and the existing international law contained in the Genocide Convention." His Eminence singled out Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Rumania as the chief culprits. All these nations ratified the Genocide Convention, which in Article 2, Point E specifically includes under the crime of genocide the forcible transfer of children from one group to another. The Orthodox hierarch called upon the United Nations "to stigmatize the members of the guilty governments as common criminals, according to the law." Such action, he asserted, "would make the world aware of the destructive impact of communism on family life and the basic values of orderly society." The concluding appeal of Archbishop Michael to all religious groups to rally to his support in this cause will meet with a sympathetic response from Catholics. They will recall the words of Pope Pius XII when, speaking to Greek newspaper men April 20, 1948, he referred to the kidnapping of these children: "May a very special blessing come to the families so bereaved, to those fathers and mothers who are suffering more under inhuman treatment of their children than if they were suffering in their own flesh."

RELIGION AND RURAL LIFE

Farmers, as a class, are dwindling in proportion to the rest of our population. But the great religious bodies are paying more attention to them than ever. A rural-life conference of sixty-one persons called in June of this year at Haverford, Pa., by the National Council of the Churches of Christ in America produced a comprehensive report entitled *The Churches and Agricultural Policy*. It is a review, from the Christian standpoint, of the great problems of low-income families, land reform, voluntary mutual aid, etc. Similar ground was covered in the conclusions of the first International Catholic Congress on Problems of Rural Life, held in Rome, June 25-July 2 of this year. These conclusions, along with the address of Pope Pius XII to the congress, have been published in pamphlet form, under the title *Christianity and the Land*, by the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, 3801 Grand Avenue, Des Moines 12, Iowa. Today, said the Pope,

... men have the opportunity of deciding whether they will continue to follow a one-sided and short-sighted policy of "income yield"; or rather will begin to direct policy toward the totality of the social economy, which is its objective end. Here are some examples: contemplated assistance to "underdeveloped" regions; agrarian reform, happily begun here and there; emigration and immigration, encouraged by international arrangements; a better regional grouping of complementary national economies; a better distribution of productive forces within national boundaries.

A similar note was sounded by the Haverford Conference. Their Christian faith, it said,

... compels Christians to speak out against conditions that retard the wholesome growth and fulfillment in Christian personal and community life of at least two and a half million [American] rural families.

Problems raised by the world's vast armies of displaced, undernourished and unemployed persons, of expellees and refugees, have raised the rural-life movement to the international plane, and evoked dramatic words and action. At the annual convention, October 19-22 in Boston, of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edward E. Swanstrom, director of War Relief Services-NCWC., asserted that the peace of Europe depended on a satisfactory solution of the surplus population problem. He suggested as one answer the emigration of 1.5 million Germans and twice as many Italians to such "receiving countries" as the United States, Canada, New Zealand and Australia.

Of the last mentioned country Salvador de Madariaga remarked in the *New Leader* for September 3, 1951: "Fertile regions are allowed to lie fallow or could support far more than their present sparse populations." Someone may ask: "Can we fit all these migrants into our tightening American agrarian economy?" My answer to that is simple. If the economy of this immense country is such that it cannot receive a few more million hard-working people, then let's find out what is wrong with that economy. The rural-life deliberations may indicate an answer.

J. L. F.

WASHINGTON FRONT

It is almost impossible to present a coherent picture of where the country was left by the 82nd Congress when it adjourned its first session on October 20. On occasion it gave a spectacle of fumbling and bungling, and yet in one field, at least, that of defense, it did a tremendous job. As has been well said, the epithet of "do-nothing Congress" cannot be attached to it. In addition to appropriations of \$95 billions, the Washington Post estimates that it passed 518 laws and confirmed some 25,000 executive and judicial nominations, besides conducting 134 investigations, a feat which may earn it the title of "the investigating Congress."

It was also a Congress during which world events caused the rout of the so-called "economy bloc," headed by Senator Byrd of Virginia. This bloc did, however, gain an unexpected recruit in Democratic Senator Douglas of Illinois. Mr. Douglas performed the extraordinary feat of analyzing each appropriation bill item by item, and came up with a total saving of \$173 million. He carried his point. It was not his fault that Congress ran away with the ball and authorized the sum of \$5 billion for the Air Force (which the President had not requested), though this sum was later cut back to a respectable \$1 billion.

Not every member of Congress is equipped by education or temperament to imitate Mr. Douglas, with his background of training in economics. It is safe to say, however, that many a Congressman would say, as former Representative Jerry Voorhis used often to do, that he slept ill from worrying over whether he had by his votes given away an unnecessary billion or two. The armed forces are notoriously free and easy with the public's money, and it is difficult to know whether a particular sum was needed in the first place, or wisely spent in the second. The sums are too vast.

The fact is that Congress, in its present set-up, is quite unable to cope with the Executive's battery of experts when it comes to sizing up proper needs. The only solution for that would be for Congress to hire its own economic experts to scrutinize each item. The extra expense might save a lot of money.

One thing Congress might have done, and did not, was to take more action against inflation. It should have tightened up price and wage controls in the Defense Production Act, and it should have closed up the many admitted loopholes for higher-bracket tax evasion in the taxing bills. Of course, next year is an election year, and funds for campaign expenses come largely from Big Money, and votes from the wage earners. It takes courage to buck that fact.

However, all things considered, it was not a bad Congress. Now that they are back in private life for a while, its members may gain new perspectives.

WILFRID PARSONS

UNDERSCORINGS

St. Maur's Monastery, South Union, Ky., founded in 1948 by Rev. Alexander Korte, O.S.B., is unusual, not only because it is situated on a settlement once occupied by the colorful "Shakers," but chiefly because it has been interracial from its foundation. The Negro and white Benedictines report in *St. Benedict's Quarterly*:

In a quiet way, we have already through our small beginning changed the attitude of many Catholics and non-Catholics in our neighborhood on the race question. We hope to expand our influence and to penetrate more deeply into areas which have an even greater need of some powerful force to leaven the whole mass.

► *The Family Apostolate*, a news quarterly issued by the Family Life Bureau of N.C.W.C., is designed, according to NC News Service, "to keep individuals and organized groups who are active in the family field informed about activities, trends and current publications about this important sphere of Catholic Action." A feature of the first issue is a list of publications on family religious practices and home care and training of the child. Address: 1312 Massachusetts Ave. N. W., Washington 5, D. C.

► The College of St. Rose, Albany, N. Y., has been authorized by the New York State Board of Regents to grant the Bachelor of Science degree in education, thus becoming the first Catholic woman's college in New York State empowered to prepare elementary school teachers.

► Hand-made rosaries, to be distributed to GI's and missions at home and abroad, are the work of Our Lady of Fatima Rosary Making Club, directed by Bro. Sylvan, C.F.X., St. Xavier High School, Louisville, Ky. Various branches of the club are found in nearly every State, and a monthly bulletin reports activities, now so extensive that a single order for 3 million beads and 2,000 pounds of wire had to be placed early this year.

► The new St. John's Night School, run by the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, has several unusual features. Besides a curriculum of thirty subjects common to evening schools, there is offered a tour of Catholic historical sites in the area, given in six consecutive Sunday trips. A special one-night-a-week class is a "pre-seminary" program for boys interested in the priesthood. Another course provides instruction in the sign language for the deaf and their teachers. Already some 1,200 have enrolled in the Philadelphia school.

► The Italian Government has granted the Holy See rights over 1,325 acres of land on the outskirts of Rome for the erection of new Vatican Radio transmitters. Tiny Vatican City could not accommodate the transmitters, which will be strong enough to carry broadcasts in dozens of languages to every part of the globe.

R. V. L.

Ambassador to the Holy See

The nomination by President Truman on October 20 of General Mark W. Clark, commander of the U. S. Army Field Forces, as "Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the United States to the State of Vatican City" occurred when speculation as to the possibility of such an appointment had largely died down. This nomination, if confirmed by the Senate, would establish full diplomatic relations with the Holy See—relations dormant since 1867.

A storm of protest was raised by various Protestant leaders and organizations, but, as the New York *Herald-Tribune* remarked in its issue of October 22:

A strong case can be made out for establishing regular diplomatic relations between the United States and Vatican City. There is precedent for it. . . . Moreover, most nations have maintained embassies in Vatican City as a matter of course and without regarding them as special concessions to a particular religion. The practical value of the Vatican as a window upon the world was demonstrated to the United States during the recent services of Mr. Myron C. Taylor as a personal Presidential emissary.

The nomination, according to reports, is greatly welcomed by the Pope himself, who has been badly handicapped in his labors for human welfare by the lack of any official and continuing means of contact with the United States. The President, however, has taken this step not from any particular concern for the interests of the Holy See, but because "it is in the national interest for the United States to maintain diplomatic representation at the Vatican," according to a statement by Joseph Short, press secretary to Mr. Truman. The statement gave two reasons in explanation of this "national interest." It said:

1) The President feels that the purpose of diplomacy and humanitarianism will be served by this appointment, and 2) It is well known that the Vatican is vigorously engaged in the struggle against communism. Direct diplomatic relations will assist in coordinating the effort to combat the Communist menace.

This explanation is in accord with the sentiments expressed by President Roosevelt at the time of his appointment of Myron C. Taylor as his personal representative, and by President Truman at the time of Mr. Taylor's resignation. Mr. Truman said on that occasion that "the exchange of views and the association of endeavors" which Mr. Taylor's mission made possible "have made a fundamental contribution to the unity of moral conviction that today sustains the world's peoples in their unflagging efforts for international peace."

As AMERICA has repeatedly shown in its discussions of the topic, there are ample historical precedents for U. S. diplomatic relations with the Holy See. The appointment of General Clark, far from being an innovation, would be simply the re-establishment of a practice that in one form or another dates back to as

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early as 1797. At the present time thirty-seven nations enjoy diplomatic relations with the Vatican, including Protestant Great Britain, Finland and Holland, as well as non-Christian Egypt, India and Indonesia.

Some object that by this appointment special favor is shown by our Government to one religious body as compared with another. The obvious answer is that the Roman Pontiff enjoys a unique position among spiritual leaders. He is not merely the head of a world-wide religious body. He is also the head of a sovereign state, the Vatican City, fully recognized as such, *de jure* and *de facto*, in international affairs. The Government of the United States, as Secretary of State (later President) Buchanan wrote in his instructions on April 5, 1848, to the first chargé d'affaires sent to the new post in Rome, is not concerned with ecclesiastical affairs. Its interest then, as now, was solely in keeping contact with an established world institution.

Against this background, it is hard to understand all the commotion in Protestant circles. The benefits that derive from representation at the Vatican, apart from some incidental prestige redounding to Catholics, accrue to the nation as a whole, not to any one religious body. As for the prestige, that cannot very well be avoided, since it derives from the admitted world-wide moral authority of the Holy See itself. Why, then, should specifically religious pressure be exerted upon our highest public official to deter him from exercising, in the interest of the country, his fully constitutional right to take the step he has taken?

For the rest we are inclined to agree somewhat with those newspapers which, though approving Mr. Truman's decision, are critical of the manner in which it was carried out. In sending General Clark's nomination to Capitol Hill only a few hours before Congress was due to adjourn, the President must have known that the Senate would refuse an immediate approval, and that the whole matter would be passed over until the legislators reconvened in January. He should have realized, furthermore, that a recess appointment was impeded by an old 1870 law which prohibits military men from serving the Government in a civilian capacity. Exceptions to this law are allowed, but they must in every case be approved by a majority vote of both Houses of Congress. This the White House belatedly recognized when, on October 23, it announced that General Clark's appointment would be held in abeyance until Congress returned in January. By proceeding in this way, the President needlessly exposed himself to hostile charges that he was acting largely from political motives.

The first step towards U. S. diplomatic representation at the Holy See is not a ground for unrestrained rejoicing by those who, like ourselves and like many prominent persons of different faiths, believe it is a measure for the common good. Nor, as one New York Episcopal clergyman remarked, is it a reason for "thinking that the world is coming to an end." The question of confirming the nomination calls for calm deliberation in the light of ample American historical precedent and of the acutely critical international situation today. We hope that all our fellow citizens will look at the matter from that sober and objective point of view.

To meet or not to meet?

For three years the United States has been conducting its foreign policy on three levels: the United Nations; the North Atlantic Treaty Organization; the "old-style" secret diplomatic negotiation. The inconsistencies as well as the hazards involved are illustrated in the recent Kirk-Vishinsky incident.

On October 5, U. S. Ambassador Kirk read a State Department statement to Soviet Foreign Minister Vishinsky. This was "secret" diplomacy, though it dealt mainly with a UN matter, the war in Korea. By direction of the State Department, the Ambassador refused to give Mr. Vishinsky a copy of his text. The always alert Vishinsky made the most of that blunder. He prepared a reply to his own version of Mr. Kirk's "oral statement," handed it to the U. S. chargé d'affaires on October 15 and to the Soviet radio for broadcast on October 17. To rectify the record, the State Department was forced to publish both statements late the same night. They make instructive reading.

All but two of the thirteen paragraphs in the Kirk statement concerned Korea. It was not clear whether the argument was in behalf of the "United Nations command" or the "United States Government."

The eleventh paragraph shifted to a defense of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization: "The measures being taken by the United States and other governments to increase their security are for defense and defense alone."

The penultimate paragraph assured Vishinsky that "the United States has no aggressive designs on the USSR or on any one."

Vishinsky went to work on this triple-decker with the enthusiasm of a famished wolf. As for Korea, "the American command," not the UN, is the aggressor. As for NATO, it is the United States which has created "an aggressive Atlantic bloc directed against the USSR and other democratic countries."

Vishinsky met the State Department's one-sentence venture into "bilateral diplomacy" with a violent nine-paragraph attack on the sincerity of American "peace aspirations." President Truman had asserted on September 17 that "a Bolshevik agreement isn't worth the paper it is written on." How then, asked Vishinsky, is it possible to take seriously statements about a wish

to improve Soviet-American relations? Then he offered this baffling invitation:

The Soviet Government agrees to examine, with the participation of the Government of the U. S. A., all important and unsettled questions and to discuss measures for the improvement of international relations, including relations between the Soviet Union and the U. S. A.

In a Truman-Stalin conference, as Vishinsky seemed to hint? In a Truman-Stalin-Churchill conference, as Mr. Churchill has proposed? In a Big Four Foreign Ministers' conference during, but apart from, the UN Assembly at Paris, as the Western Big Three Foreign Ministers urged on September 14?

It is sadly true that agreements with the Soviet Union, unless backed by force, are not worth a scrap of paper. The force will not be there until late in 1952. At this time, therefore, a two-, three-, or four-Power conference promises nothing for peace. For the present it seems safest to stand on President Truman's October 15 offer at Wake Forest College:

We are ready now, as we have always been, to sit down with the Soviet Union, and all nations concerned, in the United Nations, and work together for lifting the burden of armaments and securing the peace (emphasis added).

With the President, we believe that "as our strength increases, we should be able to negotiate settlements that the Soviet will respect and live up to." Until such a time, we must be satisfied to sit on the lowest level and talk about the desirability of a settlement.

Report on ethics in government

The report, *Ethical Standards in Government*, issued October 17 by a subcommittee of the U. S. Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, is a public document of the first importance.

The subcommittee, headed by Democratic Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois, included Democrats Matthew M. Neely of West Virginia and Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota, and Republicans George D. Aiken of Vermont and Wayne Morse of Oregon.

Recent disclosures of scandals in high places make the subcommittee's findings and recommendations very timely. In its report, however, it is not content to allow the public to salve its conscience by pointing the finger of scorn and jailing evildoers. "The morals of official conduct," says its report,

may be distinguished, but certainly not separated, from public morals generally. . . . Low standards in the conduct of public affairs are a symptom of low standards in the country generally.

Nevertheless, it goes on to say, "the conduct of public officials is also a powerful example influencing the public toward higher or lower standards."

"The overwhelming weight of testimony" convinced the subcommittee that "the basic integrity of the Federal Government, in most branches, is relatively high."

Standards of conduct seem high and rising when viewed against the background of fifty years ago.

But we are living in the 1950's, not the 1890's, and the need for high standards of integrity, as well as competence, has grown even faster than the standards have risen. Conceivably, the country is falling behind in its ability to deal with the political and ethical problems of the day.

In this connection the subcommittee asks a couple of questions which may go closer than it realizes to the root of our ills. "Is there a secular trend in America which creates a new moral problem?" "Is there a general ignorance of the basic ethical and political ideas upon which American institutions were founded?"

In trying to point a way to higher ethical standards in public life, the report makes some major recommendations. Among them are:

1. The formation of a Commission on Ethics in Government to examine and report upon a) the moral standards of official conduct of U. S. officials and employees; b) the moral standards in business and political activity of persons and groups doing business with the Government or seeking to influence public policy; c) the moral standards generally prevailing in society which condition the conduct of public affairs. The Commission would recommend measures in conformity with its findings. It should have two years for its work.

2. Amendment of the Administrative Procedure Act to provide for summary dismissal of officials and employees for specified unethical practices, and to prohibit former Government officials, for a time, from doing business with the agencies they have quitted.

3. Disclosure of the incomes, assets and dealings in securities and commodities of Members of Congress and higher Federal officials.

4. Amending and tightening of the criminal law covering "conflicts of interest" and bribery.

It would be a sad thing if this report became merely a campaign document for 1952, or if its recommendations were relegated to the limbo of lost causes. The five Senators who drew it up have done this nation a signal service. We suggest that our schools and our public-spirited citizens follow the example of the Citizens Committee on the Hoover Report by taking steps to see that it does not become a dead letter.

Congress adjourns

Long after everything else has been forgotten, including the indecisive six-week-long investigation of the MacArthur dismissal, the public will probably remember the 82nd Congress, first session, as the Congress which abolished the penny postcard.

The penny postcard was an institution, the way the five-cent cigar, the jitney ice-cream cone, the nickel subway ride were institutions. The marvel is that it stood as long as it did, a full decade after a booming, war-generated inflation had blown traditional prices out of all recognition. That tormenting business of inflation was the biggest domestic problem the 82nd Congress had to contend with. Though it fumbled with it in all sorts of ways, both on the spending and taxing

sides, it never really came to grips with it. It hedged and puffed and compromised, just as the 80th Congress did five years ago, with the result that only the best of good fortune can save this country, together with its allies, from serious trouble in the months ahead.

In session more than nine months, from noon on January 3 to 6:36 P.M. on October 20, the 82nd Congress compiled an imposing statistical record. In one way or another, its members filled 14,000 pages of the *Congressional Record*, with a total of 25 million words. They introduced slightly more than 6,000 bills, of which 518 were passed, two of them—both spending bills in favor of war veterans—over Presidential vetoes. They conducted 134 investigations, including Senator Kefauver's traveling, televised four-star probe into interstate crime, which so brightened the domestic duties of the nation's housewives. They appropriated the astronomical sum of \$90 billion or more, about \$68 billion of which will be spent this fiscal year. They hiked taxes to the jingling tune of \$5.7 billion.

In somewhat more specific terms, the 82nd Congress appropriated more money for defense (\$61 billion) than any "peacetime" Congress in our history. It continued the postwar foreign-aid program, with the emphasis shifted from economic to military help, by authorizing \$7.3 billion in new funds and reappropriating \$816 million in carry-over funds. Though it insisted on cuts which defense officials deemed dangerous, Congress substantially approved every Administration request in the field of foreign affairs, not excluding a \$190-million wheat loan to India. Despite the death of Senator Vandenberg, the bipartisan foreign policy forged in the fires of war is more intact today than one might suspect. That reflects credit on the realism and patriotism of the 82nd Congress.

On the domestic side the record is much less distinguished. Despite a great deal of talk, the 82nd Congress practised relatively little economy, and then not always in the wisest ways. It took the steam out of the fight against inflation by voting for an unbalanced budget and by weakening price and credit controls. It did approve a new selective-service law which allows for Universal Military Training but does not really commit the country to it. Toward strengthening civil rights it accomplished nothing whatsoever. It did perform some good minor surgery on the Taft-Hartley Act, but this was nullified by some bad minor surgery on the public-assistance provisions of the Social Security Act. From now on the States may with impunity make public the names of those receiving assistance, a needlessly harsh practice pioneered by the Indiana legislature.

It was, in short, a Congress dominated on domestic issues by a functioning coalition of conservative Republicans and Southern Democrats. It was a Congress which, though full of activity, had, in the words of a veteran New York *Times* correspondent, "the least sense of coherence or purpose of any Congress in recent memory." Only on foreign affairs did it march purposely toward a goal, and that goal not created by it but inherited.

Dilution in American education

Charles F. Donovan

AN ENGLISHMAN who taught in an American college for ten years commented recently that our students are eager but naive and ill-informed. The American high school, he thinks, is becoming a pre-college playground. We could, of course, write off his criticism as the sort of ungracious jibe that Englishmen and Europeans are expected to make about American culture and institutions. But so many Americans are making the same sort of complaint that it can hardly be called a matter of foreign bias.

Those who are complacent about the educational situation in this country point out that never in history have so many people received so much schooling as in the United States today. And those who are not complacent counter: "Schooling, yes. But how much of it is education?"

One of the principles that are doing as much as anything else to undermine American schools is the fixed notion that education has to be fun. We won't have our children subjected to anything hard or bothersome. We have practically adopted as a national educational motto: "If it isn't easy, it isn't educational."

This effeminacy of our educational philosophy can be traced to several causes—to a materialistic civilization's deification of comfort and painlessness, to a prevalent Rousseauistic romanticism regarding childhood, to a well-intentioned parental desire to have things easier for the younger generation, and so on. Among the more formal influences encouraging educators in their soft pedagogy is the educational theory of John Dewey.

Dewey, influenced by his early Hegelianism, declared war on all dualisms. Wherever he found two opposed spheres of thought or action, such as mind and body, spirit and matter, labor and leisure, interest and effort, liberal and vocational education, he worked out a "synthesis" joining the two. Most of his syntheses resemble a Soviet mutual-assistance pact with a satellite country: one party is wiped out. This is a facile way of composing opposites, to eliminate one of them, at least verbally. One of the dichotomies Dewey attacked was that between work and play. Unhappy about this opposition, he argued that given the proper setting (note the environmentalism), work would become play. Naturally he applied this notion to schooling and concluded that in a healthy educational environment, where children are engaged in matters of vital interest to them personally, the spirit of play will prevail. No doubt

Charles F. Donovan, S.J., head of the Department of Education in the graduate school of Boston College, has contributed occasional articles to AMERICA on educational topics since 1945. In the present article he discusses the damage done to American education by those who have been at pains to make it painless, and shows that in education, as in other fields, to forsake the Christian ideal is to settle for the second-best.

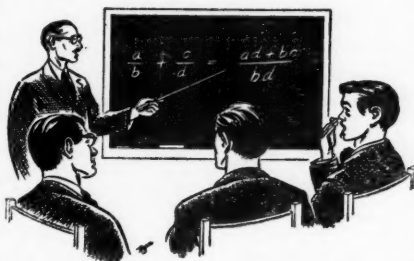
Dewey did not mean this to be taken as sentimentally as it has been by so many of his followers, but certainly his doctrine is a main prop, though not the only prop, supporting the "play way" in American education.

The consequences of this fun complex in education are many and obvious. Take the matter of homework. Apart from its function of lengthening the school day and making the pupil's school life a part of his larger non-school life, homework serves as the best link between home and school. It gives parents a realistic notion of what their children's school activities are month by month, as well as the opportunity of fulfilling their very important parental duty of overseeing and cooperating in their children's education. But the schools, so anxious nowadays to identify themselves with "life," so eager to make the school a faithful reflection and continuation of the child's and the community's experiences and problems, are cutting off this most real extension

into the home of the child's present vocation—that of student. Homework is considered an old-fashioned institution, a carry-over from the days when schooling was unpleasant, an interference with the child's and the family's recreation.

Various rationalizations are used to make the abandonment of homework sound like an educational step forward. We are told that supervised study in school is more valuable than disorganized and reluctant study at home. But why can't we have study in both environments? If the child needs supervision to teach him to work independently, doesn't he also need an opportunity to practise these study skills on his own, away from school? A more straightforward attitude was taken recently by a politician running for election to the school committee of one of our large cities. There is little likelihood that he ever heard of supervised study, but he proclaimed the abolition of homework as the main plank of his platform. Why? Because in America this has vote-appeal. What is hard must be abolished; homework is hard; therefore . . . It may be that the spirit of the politician is stronger than the spirit of John Dewey in our school administrators.

Whenever you hear school people talking about the problem of drop-outs, about the holding-power of the school, about making school "meaningful" to pupils, you can generally take it as the prelude to some further softening of our education. Drill, repetition, recitation, memory-work are dismissed as drudgery. Calumnies about past, and dreamy-eyed gushings about present,



education are common. Take the following, which occurs in an article on the teaching of modern languages: "In the past all learning was made difficult for the student. A joyous attitude towards learning must be created." Another typical bit of wishful thinking appears in an article on the teaching of poetry.

Children should learn a great many poems—or segments of poems—just for the sheer joy of knowing them and being able to recall them at will. But this learning of poems by heart should be a painless process, an incidental part of the joy in hearing and reading poems. Memorization of poems should *never* be required.

There you have in a phrase the policy that is debilitating American education: it must be a painless process. The author does not ask how many pupils will be moved to memorize poems for the sheer joy of knowing them, or whether the sheer joy can be fully felt until after a poem is made one's own possession through memory. He does not consider larger issues such as the purchase of something personally rewarding by the expenditure of personal effort, or the value and need of self-control itself. For him, a single, simple principle settles all issues: schooling must be painless. One wonders what chance there is of stopping the deterioration of American education so long as this principle guides those who control our schools.

Sometimes the principle of painlessness is linked with a naive utilitarianism to justify the reduction of the quantity or quality of learning. There are many instances of this, but let us take one important one—vocabulary. Modern education frowns upon old-fashioned vocabulary and spelling lists because they include many words children rarely use. Older textbooks are likewise censured for containing words beyond the comprehension of pupils. One could admit some validity in both these complaints without accepting the pragmatic remedy that has been applied. Vocabulary lists based upon use have been drawn up. They contain words that children of a given grade level actually need to know for their everyday purposes and get to know through their interests, hobbies, reading and so on. If ever a device was calculated to limit a people's vocabulary this is it. School people, instead of being leaders, uplifters of the cultural level, are meekly following the ways and tastes of the average youngster. Instead of telling teenage boys and girls what words it would be good for them to know, our educators go hat in hand to the young people and let their "needs" and usage determine vocabulary content. Not by such methods did the Elizabethan age produce a Shakespeare and a Jonson.

When you let frequency of use by a cross-section of all youth determine your vocabulary, then—to take only one example, but a pertinent one—words like

Accepting the fact of man's fallen and redeemed nature, the Catholic educator understands and takes into account the truth that "knowledge maketh a bloody entrance." That is a fact. Closing one's eyes to it won't alter the fact; it will merely result in no knowledge making an entrance.

"monasticism" and "grace" will tend to disappear. They just won't make the approved list. If Catholic writers accept the sacred lists established by secular educators who have taken dictation from the "average" child, then the Catholicity of our own education will necessarily be watered down. The danger, however, is general; it is by no means Catholics alone who need fear the end results of this method of cultural dilution in education.

An unhappy law of diminishing returns seems to be operating in American education. The people at the top, who make educational policy, write educational textbooks and train our teachers, are not, generally speaking, well educated themselves. They have been trained in their schools of education as technicians, not as cultured men and women, not as philosophers, not as literate adults. The dreary uniformity of thought and expression in our so-called educational literature bears witness to this dismal truth. Such people are only too ready to follow easy rules like the rule of painlessness and the rule of use. They are succeeded by recruits of whom less has been demanded and to whom less has been given educationally. These successors in their turn apply the laws of use and plainness to lower further the standards of our education and culture. Thus they draw into their ranks a newer generation more poorly trained than they.

This is a gloomy picture. If the situation is to improve, someone, somehow, must inject a little iron into American education. Catholic education can perform a valuable service here. Catholic realism, standing midway between senseless Spartanism and Calvinistic pessimism, on the one hand, and spineless sentimentalism, on the other, recognizes the need and value of hard work and self-discipline. Accepting the fact of man's fallen and redeemed nature, the Catholic educator understands and takes into account the truth that "knowledge maketh a bloody entrance." That is a fact. Closing one's eyes to it won't alter the fact; it will merely result in no knowledge making an entrance. There is likewise a Christian understanding of self-discipline—not just William James' stoical program of doing something hard to prepare oneself for unexpected hardship—but a recognition that all of us are called to share the Cross of Christ. The Catholic educator sees the danger of giving pupils the impression that there need be no unpleasantness, no hardship, no difficulty, no pain in life.

With this philosophy, Catholic schools should hold on to their sound educational values and perhaps even inspire some public-school educators to imitate their procedures. It would be a shame if Catholic schools were to abandon their sensible realism and allow themselves to be drawn into a foolish copying of the secular education.

The conversion of England

Michael de la Bedoyere

THE WEEK-END of July 15, 1951 may prove to be an historic date in the long story of England's Catholicism. That is an ambitious statement, I know, and possibly no one will agree with it. But I have a feeling that it is true.

What happened on July 14, 15 and 16 in England? You will not find the events of those days headlined in our national press, much less in the international press. But if you look at it merely as a page of history, what a story!

The relics of an Englishman, whose name is familiar to many millions all over the world and who died in Bordeaux 689 years ago, were solemnly brought back from France to the very spot, to the actual stones, where in 1245 he was elected Prior General of the Carmelites. The Englishman was Simon Stock, to whom, tradition tells us, Our Lady gave the Brown Scapular. The place was Aylesford in Kent. The stones were the actual foundation stones of the Church of the Assumption, amongst which the bones of Crusader Richard Grey and others, donors of Aylesford to the Carmelites, have lately been found. And the great Carmelite Priory, whose church was razed to the ground by the Reformers and which has in large part endured through the centuries as a private mansion, is now returned to its owners and is being restored to its ancient grandeur.

To any one with a spark of historical imagination, this strange reversal of the current of history, this belated, but in itself complete, triumph over the intentions of the Reformers, is the very stuff of great romance. But to me, at any rate, it is much more than that. It is a God-sent sign that England can become Catholic again, can become again the Dowry of Our Lady. I say "can," not "will," because even when God sends us such clear signs, we may not expect miracles from Him. The sign tells us that it is up to us—that the way things have been going, there is no reason why the seed that has been sown in this generation should not in due course turn into a spectacular harvest.

Your realistic observer, your statistician, will laugh at my dreams. Take up the *Catholic Directory* and note that in a population of 43,744,924 (the first figures of the 1951 census are just out) conversions are at a rate of about 11,500 a year. Listen to the experienced clergy who will tell you that the leakage of the young away from the Church must be conservatively estimated at about 50 per cent. Read the papers, and note the increasing secularization of contemporary life, the pervasive influence of a secularist cinema, radio and now television. So far from expecting the conver-

As Editor of the *Catholic Herald* (London), one of the liveliest and most up-to-date Catholic weeklies in any language, Mr. de la Bedoyere is in a peculiarly favorable position to estimate the future prospects of the Church in England. His present estimate, while to some it may seem over-optimistic, is based upon those less obvious factors that can easily escape the casual scanner of statistics.

sion of England in any foreseeable future, we must realistically face the truth that we cannot expect even to hold our 1 in 10, 1 in 11, possibly 1 in 12, ratio to the population.

Yet I will not allow the statistician's facts and fears to damp my hope, because I think we must look beyond figures if we are to understand what is happening.

Naturally, I use the words "conversion of England" in a reasonable sense. I do not imagine that all my countrymen are going to become Catholics within a hundred or two hundred years. The world today, and that of the foreseeable future, is not the type of place in which such things happen. So far as any man can see, the ages of faith are not going to be restored in any part of the world.

But look at it all in quite a different way. In one sense, the conversion of England has—or very nearly has—taken place. A recently published four-year survey, undertaken by that authority in social investigation, Seeborn Rowntree, concluded that while the position and influence of other religions had sadly declined, "The Roman Catholics have improved their position substantially relative to the other churches . . . and have an excellent chance of maintaining a vigorous and expanding congregation for some decades." Now, I am not one of those short-sighted people who crow over the decline of non-Catholic religion. In one way it is a calamity. It means that knowledge and love of God and obedience to His will are also declining. On the other hand, it does mean that the prevailing religious influence in England today is becoming more and more Catholic. In so far as England is religious, it is becoming Catholicly religious. Is not this already a form of conversion? And if we add to this the fact that the "Catholic" wing of the Anglican Church steadily grows in influence, while Nonconformity seems to carry less and less public weight, the influence of Catholic dogma and Catholic values and Catholic traditions is to that extent enhanced. I was very glad to read, in a recent pastoral letter of Most Rev. Cyril C. Cowderoy, Bishop of Southwark, a moving reference to the fact that among our separated brethren knowledge and love of Our Lady were growing. Who can doubt that this turning to her on the part of many Anglicans must result in an ultimate turning to her Son and to His Vicar on earth?

But it would be a poor business to have to interpret the conversion of England solely in terms of a monopoly of religious influence in the country by the Catholic minority. What is important is the ultimate fruit of that monopoly.

I agree that as yet we are moving slowly. I agree that there is a desperate battle being waged between Catholic influence and the giant inroads of secularism, not only among the population generally, but among Catholics themselves. But the ultimate issue here is far from decided.

In our favor are two factors, difficult to pin down and accurately record.

The first is the steadily increasing sense among so many today that somehow, somewhere, the only answer to the problem of frustrated modern life is a religious one. It is naive, it seems to me, to expect that this vague, ignorant, but very real sense shall quickly convert itself into an actual knocking at the Church's door. The country to be crossed is too extensive for the journey to be short. Paganism has bitten deep. Ignorance is colossal. Above all, grave doubts at the surface, workaday level of the modern mind about the reality of a personal God and a supernatural order too often seem ineradicable.

But all this does not prevent the subconscious from groping and aspiring—the subconscious that God, surely, knows and understands far better than ever its owner does. How many today would be Catholics if they could be! And is not that a form of baptism of desire? Must not this desire, if it continues, rise up sooner or later to the conscious level, not perhaps in this generation or even the next, but ultimately?

The second factor is ourselves. The Church today in England possesses a life (I am not of course referring to the specific life of grace, of which God alone is the judge) that I would hardly have believed possible even twenty years ago. From all sides one senses a groping somewhat analogous to the groping of non-Christians towards religion. It is a half-conscious sense of opportunity, a feeling that we should be doing all sorts of things to respond to that opportunity. Ten years ago I should have judged that this will to do something tended on the whole to express itself in terms of *active* work: new and better Catholic societies, preaching the social encyclicals, etc.

But this *activity* has not borne any great visible fruit, and new signs are appearing today. They do not involve any denial of the importance of such activity, but they seem to point to the truth that no Catholic activity will bear fruit unless it is rooted in the spirit, almost in contemplation. We have got to reform and intensify our own spirituality before we can ever hope by social or political or any other action to respond to the spiritual groping of our fellow countrymen. At the springs of our English Catholic life today one senses a new insistence on the life of the spirit, on the founding of life in prayer, on liturgical changes which can help to make the Mass and the sacraments the center of all Catholic life. There is a deepening of the understanding of the heart of religion, as opposed to external observance, ritual or ethics. There is an insistence on the primacy of charity, not only among ourselves, but towards our separated brethren and the millions of God's lost children.

"On what do you base all this?" I may well be asked, and it is not easy to answer. One talks to people, one reads between the lines of books and articles. In my own case I am exceptionally placed in that I read every week large numbers of letters from readers of the *Catholic Herald* who write either for publication or privately. Doing this, year in and year out, one seems to get a sense of the views and values of the moving Catholic spirits of the time, be they humble and popular or learned and more sophisticated.

As I said at the beginning: it is a hunch. But I cannot read the story of Aylesford living again after so many centuries as the home of Our Lady and the magnificent reliquary of the great Englishman, St. Simon Stock, without a great faith that, in God's time, and presupposing the spiritual cooperation of our fellow Catholics, England will again be Catholic. It will be Catholic at least in the sense that Catholicism will be the only live religion here, and that more and more of us Catholics will try to live a more spiritual, and consequently more active, Catholicism, while more and more of those around us who are subconsciously looking for God will discover Him.

What I have tried to say is best summarized in the three intentions which Rev. Malachy Lynch, the Prior of Aylesford, has given as the object of the prayer and work done in that hallowed place: 1) the bringing back to the faith of lapsed Catholics; 2) the awakening of the spirit of prayer and the fostering of an inner life of faith in all Catholics; 3) the conversion of non-Catholics.

Labor education in Germany

Augustine L. Winkler

TO A GREAT EXTENT Western Germany's post-war recovery has been due to outside help, particularly from the United States. But not entirely. Native talents and resources have also been put to work, as we see in the case of the Catholic Workers' Movement (Katholische Arbeitbewegung). More familiarly known as KAB, the Catholic Workers' Movement is not a trade union, but an organization set up to provide for the religious and educational needs of Catholic trade unionists. In some respects it might be likened to our own Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, since it was established to fulfill the injunction of Pius XI that where Catholics belong to neutral trade unions, parallel organizations should be

Father Winkler, who teaches economics at the minor seminary of the Columbus (Ohio) Diocese, spent three months in Germany on the State Dept. exchange program.

established to provide for their religious training. KAB explicitly bases its program on the social philosophy of the Church.

In pre-Hitler Germany Catholics had their own trade unions, as Protestants and Socialists had theirs. These unions were not mere bread-and-butter unions, concerned solely with the economic interests of their members, but were also cultural and educational organizations. They were allied, furthermore, with the existing Christian and Socialist political parties. Thus for the most part Catholic and Protestant workers were, under the Weimar Republic, at once members of a church, a Christian political party and a Christian trade union.

While this division of German workers along predominantly religious lines was amply justified during the pre-Nazi era—as was the similar division among other German classes—it did contribute to Hitler's comparatively easy conquest of the German people. Accordingly, after the war, leaders of both the Christian and the Socialist unions recognized the need for a unified movement and set out to achieve it. In this they were encouraged by the British and American occupation authorities. Since the new union would embrace Christians and Marxists, it was clear that it would have to be, like our American unions, philosophically and politically neutral. On this delicate point agreement was reached and the new union, the West German Trade Union Federation (DBG) was born.

In everyday life the exact observance of neutrality, especially political neutrality, is almost impossible. (German political parties are still organized along ideological lines.) Since most of the DGB leaders have a Socialist background, it is second nature for them to mix political and trade union affairs. Up to the present, they have been careful not to use their position to advance party programs. Most observers think they will continue to be careful, because they realize that to espouse Socialist programs would immediately split the labor movement wide open.

The preponderance of old-line Socialists in the DGB hierarchy makes something like KAB all the more understandable and justifiable. Its establishment is not to be interpreted, however, as an indictment of DGB leadership, which is doing a fine job under very difficult circumstances. Rather it is a precaution dictated by a prudent concern for the religious and moral well-being of Catholic workers.

As presently set up, the Catholic Workers' Movement is organized regionally into southern and northern sections. Msgr. H. J. Schmitt heads the northern division with headquarters at Cologne, and Father Anton Maier the southern with headquarters at Munich. There is some difference between the two,

in that Monsignor Schmitt's movement is primarily interested in the industrial worker, whereas the southern group takes in all who in any way work for a living. Since the differences are otherwise not great, it is simpler in an article of this kind to treat both groups as one. After all, they have the same goal: to give a moral direction to society in general and to the trade unions in particular. And they go about seeking it in the same way: by educating working people in the social philosophy of the papal encyclicals and by preparing an élite to fill positions of leadership within and without the unions.

The basic unit of organization is the parish; the objective is a council (*verein*) in every parish. At present there are 1,900 councils in South Germany with 180,000 members, and 1,159 councils in North Germany with 120,000 members. Ten to fifteen councils are organized into a district, which corresponds to a diocesan area.

Each parish council meets monthly. It has the usual officers, including a chaplain. The council officers attend monthly meetings of their district organization. The dues are

eighty pfennigs, or about twenty-five cents, a month.

So far as educating the rank and file is concerned, KAB seems to be doing a good job. Monthly meetings are well attended. In a large parish it is not uncommon to have a hundred men on hand; in the village parishes as many as twenty-five turn out. An American visitor gets the impression that the average German Catholic workingman has some grasp of the general sweep of the social encyclicals and understands their basic concepts. He seems more interested than his American counterpart in searching for solutions to social and economic problems, perhaps because the problems are much more acute for him. He knows unemployment at first hand, and unemployment stimulates discussion of the right to work, of the proper relationship between wages and prices, of the right balance between agricultural and industrial prices. He has had considerable experience with insecurity; this promotes interest in various forms of social insurance. His concern with labor-management relations has led to further study of the rights of workers and employers and the whole question of the participation of workers in management ("co-determination"). Unfortunately these problems are all so difficult and pressing that there is a tendency to call on experts and an insufficient reliance on local experience and discussion.

In addition to the monthly meetings there are special week-end and two-week courses designed to give more specialized training. There has been a rapid growth in the two-week courses, which are conducted by a kind of traveling faculty and which attract from twenty to fifty workers. In 1950 more than 4,000



courses of this kind were given. American readers will better appreciate this achievement if they know that most of the "pupils" have to forego their annual vacations in order to attend.

In striving for its other objective, the training of leaders, KAB has been less spectacularly successful. This is not surprising since the formation of a leader requires an extended period of concentrated study. Most German workers cannot afford to be absent from their jobs without pay for even as much as two weeks. Their families would starve. Nevertheless an effort is being made to do more concentrated work.

An outstanding example of this is the Kochel school, situated on a mountain lake in Southern Bavaria. While the writer was recently in Germany, a six-month course was being offered which attracted eighteen workers from different parts of Germany and from various branches of industry. The average age of the students was twenty-four.

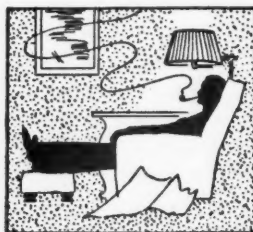
During the past year a new school, sponsored by KAB in cooperation with other groups, was opened at Frankfurt. Known as the "Frankfurt Social School," it is designed for professional people as well as workers. At both Kochel and Frankfurt the courses cover the whole range of social studies. In addition, there are some other schools not sponsored solely by KAB.

This educational movement labors under certain difficulties which are not peculiar to Germany. There is a shortage of trained teachers, both lay and clerical, and, of course, a big shortage of money. The KAB leadership hopes to develop lay instructors from its own ranks, and the outlook for priest educators is hopeful, too. The postwar classes in the seminaries will be graduating over the next few years. This will relieve the present shortage of priests, which prevents the bishops from assigning to worker education as many men as they might wish.

A tremendous job remains to be done. Out of a total DGB membership of five million, a large percentage is Catholic. Only a small minority of these Catholics are in KAB. The Catholic worker in Germany is not without the same kind of temptation which proved so alluring to many of his ancestors in the nineteenth century. He has a practical choice between the promises of the Socialists and the ultra-conservatism of management, which he identifies with the Christian Democratic Union (CDU—the dominant political party in Western Germany) and hence with the Catholic Church. Though he is mostly loyal to his Church and his political party, he leans toward some of the economic and social reforms of the Socialists. He feels justified in so doing because he is painfully aware of the discrepancies which too often exist between the social teaching of the Church and the CDU's economic program.

It is KAB's job to show German Catholic workers that the Church is sincerely interested in their welfare, and that her social principles can furnish the basis for a sound and just economic society. KAB deserves all the encouragement we can give it.

FEATURE "X"



"A letter to Sister Raphael" might describe this article. The letter was never sent, but Sister Raphael will have understood. The writer is now a member of the Benedictine community Sister Raphael belonged to.

I NEVER WROTE a letter to Sister Raphael. She was not particularly beautiful, and she was not affectionate. Girls looked in on her room at the end of the hall to wave goodbye at Christmas vacation, but they shed no tears over leaving her, nor sent her flowers, candy or spiritual bouquets. Sister Raphael worked at St. Scholastica Academy. She graded papers and demanded assignments and wrote tests on the blackboard with her left hand in her queer slant handwriting.

When I went to Saint Scholastica's I was fifteen years old and September's beauty was all over the hill in the northern Ozarks. The Academy of new buff-colored brick stood high upon the "mount." A warm southern sun shone on the green parks, dusty lanes and adjunct cotton patches. The veteran boarder who took me around the long, quiet halls on the evening before the full influx of students told me what to expect. For Sister Louis one would collect grasshoppers and dissect them with long steel instruments. For Sister Loretta one would learn many algebraic formulas and do geometric theorems on the blackboard. For Sister Mildred one would get to be in plays and, "If you're good enough at music you can take lessons from her and sit at her grand piano in the studio with the long mirror." But Sister Raphael? Well, she was new. She had just come back from Catholic University with a doctor's degree in Latin. We would have to wait and see about her.

In the first Latin class of the term I met Sister Raphael. With only a few preliminary remarks she plunged us into a drab gray book containing Cicero's orations. "How long, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience?" Birds were singing riotously out on the beautiful campus. Elm trees with rich green leaves brushed the buff-colored bricks. But Sister Raphael wrote assignments on the board in that queer slant handwriting, and with her left hand.

All of us were fascinated by that left-hand writing. On her right hand Sister wore a thin black glove. The right hand itself was thin and rigid. "It's artificial, and her real hand is in a jar someplace in a hospital, and on rainy days it hurts her," someone told me out in the hall after class. After a few days the fascination of the left hand wore off for me.

Sister Raphael's desk was always piled high with papers in neat stacks. Our papers. She taught us Latin, French and English. And she taught mercilessly. We lived on a kind of production line. I don't remember how many lines of Cicero we ground out daily, but I know that in Third Year English we wrote one poem a week in addition to studying whatever pages were mathematically apportioned to us by dividing the total content of the book by thirty-six. Sometimes we rebelled against the poetry assignment. But that system, too, was merciless. In vain girls copied excerpts from newspapers and magazines and old scrapbooks. They were spotted on first appearance and blue-penciled. But the poetry assignments went on.

I remember one wonderful October day. Red haw was bright on the thick bushes across the dusty path where the convent novices took an afternoon walk. It was a day to dream. I wandered down the quiet hall, chalk dust on my navy blue uniform, glad that the day was over. A voice called me from Sister Raphael's classroom. I stepped inside and Sister said matter-of-factly: "Is your poem written for tomorrow?"

I told Sister, with what I thought was respect but firmness, that poetry didn't just come whenever one wanted it, that even the poets we read about in our Greenlaw, Stratton and Miles had to wait until inspiration struck them, and that it was hard to be regularly inspired once a week. Sister Raphael, with her practical turn of mind and perhaps memories of the doctor's degree, informed me that sometimes one had to seek for inspiration, and that a bit of discipline might have made better poets of the men and women we studied. "The poem's due tomorrow," she said inexorably. "Go out and take a walk."

I went out and walked, and Sister went back to her papers. I was irritated with her. One did not produce works of art under orders nor summon an autumn afternoon to provide an assignment. But the October air was lazy and unangered; the dust on the lane piled up on my brown Oxfords; and there was a brown tint on the late summer grass. Far down the hill across the cotton patch was a square of cornfield. It reminded me of home, and suddenly I saw my father out in his orchard whistling and picking ripe, red Jonathan apples. I ran back into the school building to the big double desk I shared with someone else in the study hall to write before I could forget:

When apple trees with fruit bend down
And grass turns brown and sober;
When golden corn is harvested
I know it is October.

Next day with my voice trembling, I stood up in Sister Raphael's class to read my poem. She nodded briskly when I had finished and put an "x" after my name in her yellow class record.

In the next year I was a senior, and Sister Raphael taught us Latin again, French II and English IV. We were only three in Vergil class—a postulant and two worldly young seniors. The postulant got sick. Billie

Ann—my companion in worldly attire—was occasionally needed at home and missed classes. But Sister Raphael and I went methodically through eighty or one hundred lines of Vergil every day. I scanned dactyls all over the blackboard. We would say "Good afternoon" to each other, say a "Hail Mary," and begin forty-five minutes of concentrated work as if we were thirty pupils instead of three or two or one. When impelled by Aeneas' adventure and the swing of the lines, we went beyond the assignment, Sister Raphael would merely nod briskly and make "x's" in her little yellow book. Knowledge was pretty much its own end in her neat room with cream-colored walls at the end of the long quiet corridor.

In senior English we read Chaucer's prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*. Sister Raphael conceived the notion of dramatizing the panorama of characters. The boarders of the class worked tirelessly after school hours, dragging carpenter "jacks" into the gym. One artistic postulant sketched huge pictures of horses on brown paper, and those of us who could follow directions painted the sketches.

On the night of the performance, thirty horses lined the four walls of the auditorium-gymnasium and thirty pilgrims took their places astride them. When I had asked to be the monk, Sister Raphael had looked a little queerly at me. I think she knew then that I had missed the point on the monk, but she appreciated my desire to wear the habit, so I had it—cowl and all. I was a little disturbed by the description of the monk, but Sister and I cut the lines as well as we could. The interlocutor on the stage explained that there were all kinds of people on the pilgrimage, and then with all the fervor of my idealism I spoke Chaucer's expurgated characterization. It still didn't sound quite right, but the black scapular and the monk's cowl felt more wonderful than the new green formal I had for the music recital.

That spring I graduated. After the ceremonies I wandered down the long quiet corridor to say goodbye to the rooms. The doors were all closed and moonlight streaming in from the French windows at the end of the hall made little patterns on the green tiled floor. A shaft of light came from under Sister Raphael's door. I knocked and Sister said: "Come in!" The green desk lamp on her desk was lit, and Sister was stacking papers in piles and taking notes out of textbooks. "Maybe you'd like to have these," she said, handing me a little stack of essays and poems and the romantic short story I had most recently handed in. "I knew you wouldn't keep them," she said, "and I thought some day you'd want them."

I looked down at the slant handwriting in blue pencil in the margins of the papers. Suddenly I felt like crying. The pages held afternoon walks and chapel visits and last-minute thoughts in the dormitory before lights went out. There was some self-pity, some homesickness, some dreaming and much joy there. Sister Raphael had preserved it all for me—the realities of those days away from home, of growing up in the buff-

colored Academy on a hill in the northern Ozarks of Arkansas. I felt very queer. I looked at the clean blackboards where I had scanned dactyls. Then I looked at Sister Raphael and she smiled. I was off her production line and the knowledge gave me a feeling I had never had before. I needed a walk down the dusty lane, but darkness was over the hill. I'd better take a walk to the chapel instead. I said good night.

The disenthronèd muse

John J. McLaughlin

The 1950-51 theatrical season in New York rewarded theatregoers with three verse plays of unusual merit: T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party* and Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not For Burning* and *A Sleep of Prisoners*. The latter, Fry's most recent piece, is currently having a limited run at St. James Church on 71st St., New York City. Both of these dramatists are surpassingly non-conformist. They have rushed in where few playwrights today have dared to tread—onto the touchy ground of modern poetic drama. Eliot approached his subject like a crab, sideways; Fry detonated with neon and peacock arrows. At polar extremes from each other in dramatic and poetic technique, they have for this reason thrown the value and problems of the poetic drama into sharper relief and, paradoxically, in spite of their dissimilar methods, they have both achieved remarkable success in New York and London's West End.

What poetry has to offer the drama was clearly recognized by the Greeks and the Elizabethans. With it, they achieved a more articulate characterization, a greater reach of emotional pitch and a larger dramatic reference, which set the action off from the banal associations which environment will invariably suggest. To them it was a simple truism that the only adequate way to universalize, intensify and completely to objectify the dramatist's material was with poetry.

Then, in the eighteenth century, when the metropolitan prose of the era camped in the theatre for a long stay, poetry and the drama became hopelessly dissociated. It was not until the end of the next century that the poet returned to the theatre. The effects of this nadir in stagecraft and the corresponding attitudes on the side of the poet were a long time wearing off, so that even in the plays and critical writings of Yeats, perhaps the most influential of recent theorists and practitioners of verse drama, there are blurred echoes of the whole regrettable tradition. In his selection of source material for his plays, for example, Yeats always inclined to history and myth, both sufficiently removed from the "dailiness" of contemporary life to keep his hands clean; and secondly, in his efforts, implicit in

I never wrote to Sister Raphael. I don't know why. Last week I thought of writing to her one day, but I was very busy. Yesterday I heard that she had died. For these twenty-four hours I have been very glad there is a Heaven. Something should be done to reward the slant handwriting in the yellow record book. And something is being done, that I know.

SISTER MARY FAITH

LITERATURE AND ARTS

all his writings, to dichotomize art from real life (though in his later years he was to repudiate this doctrine) he cultivated a static drama which flowed, too, as a reaction to his prose forbears.

The contemporary approach of the poet to the theatre owes less to the nineteenth century than to a fresh reaction to Yeats's worlds of trance and symbol, the social consciousness of Henrik Ibsen, August Strindberg's psychological drama, and the "realism" of Galsworthy and Shaw. Modern metrical dramatists concede that their medium tends to withdraw from the immediate social scene in pushing towards generalization, but they are also acutely aware of their obligation to "bring poetry into the world in which the audience lives and to which it returns when it leaves the theatre; not to transport the audience into some imaginary world totally unlike their own, an unreal world in which poetry can be spoken" (T. S. Eliot, *Poetry and Drama*, Harvard U. Press).

So, too, Christopher Fry: "What I am trying to say is that life itself is the real and most miraculous miracle of all . . . In my plays I want to look at life—at the commonplaces of existence—as if we had just turned a corner and run into it for the first time." Instead of rarefying their drama, our two foremost poetic playwrights are simplifying their methods in an effort to reach a medium which will at once perfectly express their dramatic vision and relate itself to the most vivid and vital use of the language of its day. Their goal is, surprisingly and happily enough, the same; but their avenues of approach widely differ.

For the past thirty-five years, Eliot has been intrigued by the conditions and problems of the verse drama. To evolve better a theory of dramatic poetry, he has made close study of Euripides, Seneca, the Elizabethans, the Jacobean, Dryden, and as early as 1928 he had set forth his ideas on the subject in an illuminating dialog.

In his latest tract on poetry and drama, originally a lecture delivered at Harvard and now available in book form, the author draws upon his own experiments, *Murder in the Cathedral*, *The Family Reunion* and *The Cocktail Party* to give us a candid and disarming perspective of the difficulties which faced him at the progressive stages of his development.

The gist of Eliot's study is this: the primary effect of style and rhythm in dramatic speech, whether in prose or verse, should be *unconscious*. This will not be achieved, we are told, if the verse does not justify itself *dramatically*, for then it will be merely a decorative accretion, and the poetry-lover in the audience will listen only for the purling brooks while the plot-enthusiast chafes under a delayed denouement. The drama, then, to avoid this must be conceived and written in poetry. There must be a perfect fusion of the component elements into artistic unity.

Eliot further maintains that poetic drama, if it is to recover its place, must enter into overt competition with prose drama. The traditional subject matter for the verse play, some mythology or remote history, will have to be exchanged for contemporary themes. The versification, too, cannot savor too heavily of Elizabethan blank verse or have an overdose of mannered rhythms as in the early plays of Yeats. Rather, the playwright must develop a conversational tempo which will provide a context, an unconscious undercurrent of rhythm and timbre which

should be preparing the audience for the moments of intensity when the motion of the character in the play may be supposed to lift him from his ordinary discourse—until the audience feels, not that the actors are speaking verse, but that the characters of the play have been lifted into poetry.

Theoretically Eliot's position is untouchable. He has, first of all, modernized his themes. *The Cocktail Party*, for example, with its dimension of cultivated strangeness between husband and wife had its inspiration, incredibly enough, in the *Alcestis* of Euripides. But it is decidedly a divorce-age problem and has provided writers like John Marquand with grist for many a novel. The real difficulty, then, which poetic drama has to face from its subject-matter does not spring from any intrinsic incompatibility with current themes, whether social or political, but rather from something wholly outside the medium: our preconceived notions of what to expect from verse drama.

It is well-nigh impossible, as Eliot realizes, to suggest poetic drama to the modern theatregoer without evoking associations of crinoline and farthingales; "picturesque period costume renders verse much more acceptable," Eliot adds ironically. To restore itself, the poetic drama must eliminate this twentieth-century bias by patient years of conditioning with verse drama set in modern times dealing with timely aspects of timeless themes, so that "people dressed like ourselves, living in houses and apartments like ours, and using telephones and motor cars and radio sets" may utter their thoughts in poetry without balking our imaginations.

In modernizing the concept of poetic drama, Eliot has embarked on a timely and admirable quest.

Eliot's other chief concern has been with versification, to bring it as well up to date. The power of meter derives from the same source as that of music, a direct inroad to the emotions. By its subtle incorporation into the texture of the play, the emotions of the audience, which are normally slow in coming, yield with a new suppleness, so that scenes of the wildest abandon, beyond the range of prose, can be maneuvered into the crises. This is one of the reasons why Judith Anderson could emote at such dizzy levels in Robinson Jeffers' *Medea*. In great poetic plays, like Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, the changes in rhythm, plodding or gay, artless or intricate, and the approaches to and withdrawals from regularity in speech tones and meter actually touch the pulse of the spectator and do tricks with his heart.

To part with this effect in his dramaturgy, or even to be constrained in its use, burdened Eliot with a painful prospect. But if he was to bring his dramatic work into our world, he would first have to move it out of the Elizabethan, closer to modern speech rhythms and away from the iambic pentameter. He could not stomach a combination of poetry and prose, for this juxtaposition defeated his purpose by accentuating the poetry of which the audience should be unconscious. So he evolved an intricate three-stress, single caesura conversational rhythm which is about the closest one can arrive to the normal speech tone and still maintain the condition of poetry. Much akin to the loose, bounding iambic of Christopher Fry, it will probably succeed as the standard metrical arrangement for future verse plays.

A deal more could be said of Eliot's achievement. He has given today's poetic drama so much that it may be ungrateful to ask for more. But Eliot is the kind of person who flourishes on the recognition which others pay to his own shortcomings. That is why he could say with such disarming modesty "that it is perhaps an open question whether there is any poetry in the play [*The Cocktail Party*] at all." He has anticipated our objection. Apparently, Eliot was so absorbed with the problems which his action and versification suggested that he neglected that quality which is of supreme importance in poetic drama, *the fact that it is poetry*, the richest, widest and deepest use of language we possess. No one will say that there is no poetry in the play; far from it. But Eliot, in trying to reduce the dialog to the bony confines of only what could stand the test of dramatic utility, has cut himself off from two dimensions of poetry: its richness and width.

Christopher Fry, on the other hand, proliferates metaphor after metaphor until we wonder at the sheer abundance. But the audience loved it, for here was poetry fresh from Chaucer's world, standing wide-eyed in the midst of television sets and radioactivity. The language, the characters and the atmosphere are everything. There is never a flat line, scarcely one without an image. It's not "I don't care for him," but "Hum-

phrey's a winter in my head." Or when a young clerk in *The Lady's Not for Burning* asks the hero "Can I have your name?" he instantly replies:

It's yours. It's no earthly
Use to me. I travel light; as light,
That is, as man can travel who will
Still carry his body around because
Of its sentimental value. Flesh
Weighs like a thousand years, and every morning
Wakes heavier for an intake of uproariously
Comical dreams which smell of henbane.

In Fry we get large and conspicuous echoes of Elizabethan rodomontade, with whisperings of the introspection and "metaphysical" lyrics of the seventeenth century, and just a feeble aftertaste of eighteenth-century attitudinizing and fastidiousness, all gathered together in a bag of hearty benediction which Fry peddles like an eclectic chapman. He is, indeed, such a uniquely successful and skilled eclectic that the observation of his fellow playwright, James Bridie, that "the English theatre today is on the point of removing [from the

Shaw era] into the era of Christopher Fry" is unlikely to find any fulfilment. Anyone imitating Fry would more than likely achieve little more than a tasteless pot-pourri.

A *Sleep of Prisoners* stands up to a close reading better than any of Fry's preceding work, but his cry against war and his perennial insistence upon the power of man for good still stumbles in search for a vision of depth. In it, as in all Fry's work, intellectual and emotional solidity is noticeably missing. There is in Fry an opiate danger: we may easily be drugged into allowing his graceful incantation to do duty for us, when we ought to be facing up to twentieth-century realities.

But over and above these mixed deficiencies and triumphs, there is one consideration which should kindle our interest in Eliot's and Fry's experimental endeavor and our respect for them as artists. They are dedicated to a vital and timely ideal: the restoration of the poetic drama. In these days when the dictation of our stage is ebbing so low, only the most extravagant innovations may hope to reclaim it.

Delight and revelation

SWEET CORK OF THEE

By Robert Gibbings. Dutton. 235p.
\$4.50

WHERE NESTS THE WATER HEN

By Gabrielle Roy. Harcourt, Brace.
251p. \$3

I don't remember another time in ten years when I have been as eager to recommend two books. I can remember itching to get to the typewriter to trumpet the praises of *Cry, the Beloved Country*, to give an instance, but two books at once! That is indeed reward enough for the many that are commended with rather lukewarm enthusiasm.

Each of these books is sheer delight. More than delight, each is a revelation—of the deep love of the author for people and places, for home and family, for the quiet, unobtrusive joys and sorrows that make up so much of life and build so much of character. And each is a revelation—direly needed in a cynical age—of how wonderful people are. But there is not a touch of sentimentality in the combined 500 pages.

Listen to Robert Gibbings, for example, telling (in a letter to me) why he wrote *Sweet Cork of Thee*:

Some men are born to wealth; others, more richly endowed, are born in Ireland. I wouldn't take all the treasure in the world for the fact that I was born in Cork, for the fact that the first time my eyes saw out of a window it was to look on the silver thread of the Lee, for the fact that the

voices that fell on my ears in childhood were soft as the notes of a harp, for the fact that as a young man I was free to wander through fields and bogs, over hills and mountains, beside streams and lakes, hearing only the music of wild nature, meeting only a kindness in every cottage or dwelling.

I suppose that when a man has passed sixty years of age he may be said to be approaching middle age. It was a desire, before the years came upon me, to repay something of the debt I owed since youth that impelled me to write this book.

Actually, that statement is about the finest review possible of the book. It's a "travel" book—but more a journey into the human heart than into the hills and over the seas and lakes of Kerry. There are, to be sure, magnificent descriptions of the country and of the wild-life, but above all, there is talk—witty, wise, racy, shot through with pathos, laced with merriment. There are legends recounted, parallels drawn with the folklore of other lands, tall tales of the preternatural—and all illuminated by Gibbings' lovely line drawings.

What lovelier tribute to a land or a people than this? "I've never heard a cross word in that green Valley Desmond, I've never heard a child cry. In that womb among the hills there is the peace of the unborn. Time passes imperceptibly as the growth of a child."

And what better tribute to Robert Gibbings than to say that only a truly childlike vision could have seen it all and a truly mature mind could have set it all down in such limpid prose?

BOOKS

The same wisely mature simplicity permeates Miss Roy's three-part story. The first part tells of Luzina Tousignant's annual visit from remote Little Water Hen River way up in French Canada down to the nearest town—a visit that came annually for the simple reason that the family was large and growing. Back she would come, with infant and some simple finery for the little ones at home. But as the family grew, so did Luzina's passion for their education, and that is the second part of the story.

The parents had heard that the government would send a teacher if there were enough children to be taught. Well, didn't they have enough right in the family? So, Papa built a schoolhouse and Mama wrote all the red-tape letters and, sure enough, one day came the young lady teacher, who won the children's hearts and became one of the family, though not without a little simple jealousy on Mama's part.

Alas, the young teacher was appointed only for a year, and she was succeeded by an English Protestant spinster, who was determined to keep the flag of Empire flying even over Little Water Hen. You can imagine the funny and pathetic implications that ensued. Still another teacher, a young man more devoted to the hunt than to pedagogy, and then the project had to be abandoned, as the children grew and moved away, some

to marriage, some to higher education—even as high as the University, mind you.

Lastly, section three is a beautiful character sketch of an itinerant Capuchin missionary, who tramps the roads to visit the remote families. He is a simple backwoods saint, loving his people, speaking their language (French, English, Ukrainian and more), joining their rough and simple fun. He is a person you will long remember.

The whole charm of the book is in the atmosphere and the characters—there is no real plot. The comparison is obvious and will probably be hackneyed, but I cannot resist saying that here we have another French-Canadian story of the caliber of *Maria Chapdelaine*. HAROLD C. GARDNER

Toward re-examination of Freud

SIGMUND FREUD: His exploration of the Mind of Man

By Gregory Zilboorg. Scribner. 125p. \$2

If ever a rapprochement is found between psychoanalysis and Catholic philosophy and theology, it will owe much to the sincere efforts of scholars such as Zilboorg, who has labored for years towards this goal. His present book is another instance of this irenic effort. In it, Zilboorg does not waste time on the nonessentials of Freudianism. Logically the first question is, what is psychoanalysis? Rightly, he defines it as the scientific study of the unconscious in all its ramifications; but primarily with a view to therapy: to free man. Freud patiently studied how the unconscious works in the mind of man. For that he deserves the rank of pioneer.

Certainly one of the gravest charges leveled against Freud was that he was a pansexualist. This he denied and Zilboorg echoes the denial very emphatically. But why Freud refused to use two words for sex, one in the broad and the other in the strict sense, remains a mystery. And it leaves unresolved the charge of Woodworth that Freud had a broad-strict terminology in interpretation of sex, which he manipulated according to convenience.

In general, Freud took a dim view of man. He saw him torn by unconscious conflicts that were engineered or powered by that instinctual dyad, the Life and Death instincts. These conflicts were the heirs of the various vicissitudes of infantile sexuality. Only one hope illumined this gloom: if the primacy of reason could be established and the unconscious enemy routed. But it seems that Freud never

envisaged this possibility as a goal in the near future. Meanwhile there was only one recourse: the psychoanalytic couch.

Zilboorg is only just to Freud in asserting that the latter wanted to break the fetters that shackled man to his unconscious. He sincerely desired to free man. But the strange paradox is that there can be, in Freudian theory, no spontaneous remission of the illness (or slavery). For man is not free; he is determined in all his psychic activity. Zilboorg tries to come to grips with this impasse by saying that the problem of freedom lies outside the scope of psychoanalysis as a science. Nuttin, of Louvain, it seems to me, takes the same attitude, when he asserts that rational psychology must attempt the proof of man's freedom. But is that a possible solution? If indeed Freud has proved the fact of universal determinism, no other science can deny it or offer proof to the contrary.

The solution, it seems to me, lies in a re-examination of Freud's proof for this universal determinism. Personally I believe that Freud never proved it. It hinges on whether or not there is omnivalent sex-symbolism. Another approach would be to ponder whether Freud is confusing influence with determinism. We have something of a parallel in cognition. Past experience is frequently operative in perception without ordinarily falsifying it. In fact, for the most part, it aids objectivity. If universal psychic determinism is a fact, it should emerge stronger for the ordeal of investigation.

There are other aspects of Freud's system that call for rejection or revision and distinction. Zilboorg, if I understand him correctly, rejects Freud's atheistic attitude and his psychology of woman. The time is ripe for an objective assessment of the teaching of Freud. A little methodic doubt in this matter would help considerably and would not in any way minimize the real achievements of Sigmund Freud.

The authors of that valuable book, *The Assessment of Men*, while acknowledging the work of Freud suggest the following:

And so, to supplement our present knowledge of pathogenic tendencies, it seems that we require a much clearer understanding of the positive, creative and health-giving forces which so often succeed in checking, counteracting, or transforming the complexes of early life in such a way as to produce characters which in certain respects are stronger than they would otherwise have been... A personality cannot flourish by defense alone.

And they conclude that we need an assessment of normal people to discover these forward-reaching factors in integration. HUGH J. BIEHLER

Recall of ideals and principles

THIS AMERICAN PEOPLE

By Gerald W. Johnson. Harper. 205p. \$2.75

Gerald Johnson's latest examination of American life is a combination of historical explanation and contemporary comments. It is a clear-cut analysis of what it meant to be an American citizen in the past and what it means today.

The citizen of 1951, Johnson reminds us, has an important heritage from the past. The most significant part of this heritage may be found in those qualities and characteristics that have produced a distinctive "American way of life." These features were formulated by the "Founding Fathers" and set forth in the preambles to the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution and in the principles of the first ten amendments to the Constitution, the emphatic statement known to later times as the Bill of Rights.

In the eighteenth century, the principles of freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, freedom of inquiry, freedom of association, and economic freedom were part of a novel and even radical philosophy. To survive criticism and opposition, a political body embracing those ideas at that time required one essential quality. That quality to Johnson was courage. There were immediate perils confronting the new government. Other serious threats developed over questions of States' rights, religious beliefs, economic expansion, and other changes affecting the position of individual citizens. Johnson outlines these crises with authority and intelligence.

The challenge at present may be the greatest in the nation's history. This point does not have to be debated, but the course of action required to survive and preserve the American heritage is Johnson's concern. Johnson is firmly convinced the heritage will endure. His faith is optimistic and reassuring. His arguments, however, may not be completely realistic. He is aware of the dangers that can result when the percentage of Americans who participate in elections is at a low figure. But he offers no solution. His consideration of the extreme challenges presented by the international situation also introduces certain perplexities that are left unanswered.

It is almost ungrateful, however, to

make these strictures on Johnson's essay. This is an admirable "tract for the times." It is timely and vigorous in its approach. And the statements are of ideas and principles that need to be recalled and adhered to. If Johnson does not have all the answers, he provides the encouragement for a democratic solution to the problems.

WILLIAM G. TYRRELL

SINDICALISMO: historia, teoría, práctica

By Alberto Hurtado Cruchaga, S.J. Santiago, Chile: Editorial del Pacifico. 266p.

A history of labor organizations worldwide in scope and written from the Catholic viewpoint is always useful. When such a work records concisely but accurately the annals of workers' movements, when it is preceded by an even disturbingly clear statement of the Church's teachings relative to labor's rights, it assumes even greater significance. Such a book is *Sindicalismo*. An earlier work by this same scholar, *Humanismo social* (Santiago: Difusion, 1947) presented the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ in its application to the worker.

In the present study he continues the same task, beginning with an exposition of his central theme: why unions? Reasonably and patiently he develops the basic factors of this problem: how unions serve the workers' interests, that they flourish best within the frame-work of a genuine, free democracy, the manner in which unions must observe and apply the principle of justice, that they must be tireless in their defense of labor's rights, seeking, however, to suppress rather than to exacerbate class conflicts, that they must be based upon justice as well as Christian principles of the dignity of man. In observing these guides, labor organizations can promote the general welfare.

The chapters dealing with such movements, describing the philosophies and objectives of the several organizations, constitute a veritable encyclopedia of cogent information. Especially noteworthy are the analyses of labor's struggles in the United States and in critical European nations. In these sections Father Hurtado clarifies the positions of the several groups, with particular reference to Catholic teaching and to the question of separate (Catholic) or inter-confessional unions.

In the final chapter, "The Future of Unionism," the author states the long-range problems to be considered by workers' groups. They include: adaptation of labor organizations to contemporary economic situations and to

the national economy; selection of competent, technically trained labor leaders; abandonment of internal strife as well as avoidance of affiliation with political parties; constant re-emphasis of fundamental principles; labor's mission of transforming the economic world in which we live.

While presenting an inspiring panorama of labor's position and potentialities, *Sindicalismo* avoids pernicious generalities. Manifestly Father Hurtado is qualified by profound knowledge of human nature, by experience, and by erudition to present this compelling story of the working man. Its significance for North Americans is as great as for our good neighbors to the south.

EDWARD JAMES SCHUSTER

AT SUNDOWN, THE TIGER

By Ethel Mannin. Putnam. 310p. \$3

I find this latest novel by Ethel Mannin, who presented us with two intriguing novels within the last three years, *Late Have I Loved Thee* and *The Bavarian Story*, her best artistic achievement. Yet the reason is hard to analyze. *At Sundown, The Tiger* is, at once, a fascinating and a baffling novel. Taken at its surface value, sheerly as a story of a man torn between his love of danger in hunting tigers and his love of his wife, who much prefers music and refinement to the jungle, it is intriguing and competently written.

But there is obviously something much more important to be gathered from this tale of a search for satisfaction of soul in high adventure; there is somewhere in it an allegory, an analogy of life and living that the reader is meant to comprehend.

Raymond Fern wanted more than anything else to hunt tigers, to track them down and, at the hour of sundown, kill them. And this, not for the value of their fur, not for the savage joy of killing, but for the satisfaction of destroying something he deeply admired in the moment when his admiration for its strength and prowess was at its height. That was the reason why he enlisted in the Indian Forest Service.

On his way out to India he met a girl who was a worker in a medical mission, Aline Greer. They seemed so totally different at first, so opposed in temperament, that he had dismissed her from his mind. Or so he thought. But Aline Greer was the girl, he discovered, that he wanted to marry. And she, too, in spite of her misgivings about Fern, found her love for him too great to deny. They were married and knew a first few days of happiness.

But the tiger hunt is the disturbing element, the passion that cleaves them apart. Aline is revolted by Raymond's passion for the hunt. He does not share her love of Bach. She is angered, too, by his devotion to his Indian servant boy and cannot understand that Raymond's love of Chandrakrishna is totally different from his love for her. Finally, the boy is killed by a tiger which Raymond is sure he has wounded. He is himself severely mauled by the animal and loses his leg. Planning to take his own life, alone in the jungle, he finds himself instinctively forced to save the life of his superior officer who has come searching for him.

Between them, Aline and Reeves-Marsh, the District Forest Officer, convince Fern that peace of soul is to be found in accepting life, with its pain and its demands for sacrifice, rather than fighting it blindly, and he realizes the truth for which, gropingly, he has been searching.

At Sundown, The Tiger is at once an engaging novel and one that will make you think. R. F. GRADY

ONE AND HOLY

By Karl Adam. Sheed & Ward. 130p. \$2

Karl Adam's first book since the war is a compilation of lectures delivered in 1947 to followers of the *Una Sancta* movement. From observation of post-bellum Germany, Adam has detected a tendency in both Catholics and Lutherans to look at one another's beliefs in a less unfriendly spirit. He deems it opportune, therefore, to discuss the possibility of a reunion between the two churches.

To help the reader understand the nature of the original rupture which severed the greater part of Germany from Rome, Adam has succinctly highlighted those events in ecclesiastical history which alienated the German people. Because of the remissness of many of the clergy, dogma was blurred and discipline became anemic; the laity, provoked beyond endurance, clamored for a reform in Head and members. This was the milieu in which Luther found himself.

Adam follows Lortz in his interpretation of Luther's role in the bouleversement of the Church. With great religious fervor and without much intellectual effort Luther eventually resolved his personal problems by his novel theory of justification. The current ecclesiastical abuses undoubtedly occasioned the public emergence of Luther and helped clothe him in a favorable light but in Luther's eyes Rome was wrong because it taught false doctrine. He had

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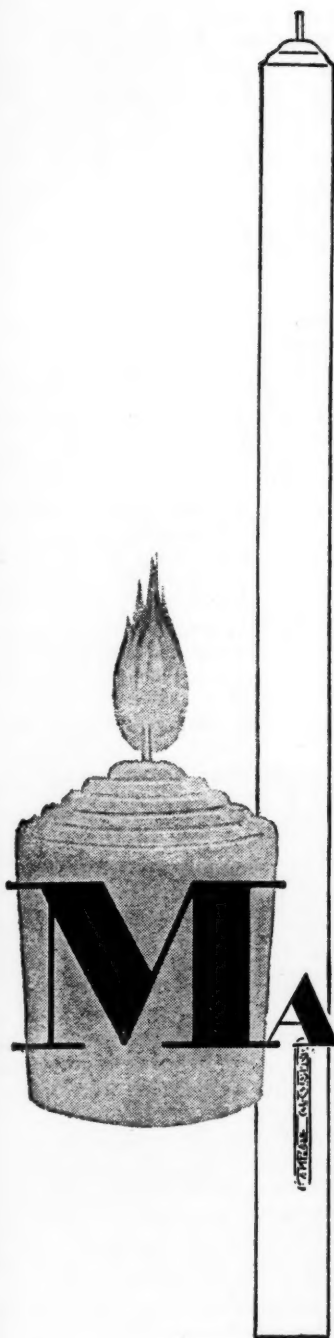
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found deliverance in his own theology of subjective selection and he convinced himself that here alone was truth. It was his mission to preach it and preach it he did, tearing Christ's Mystical Body in two.

Is a reunion between the divided churches then possible? To justify an affirmative answer the author shows that much in the original corpus of Lutheran doctrine is Catholic. Since Luther's time, however, it has undergone a severe de-Catholicizing process, especially at the hands of the Protestant theologians of the late sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Consequently a rapprochement will be possible only if Luther is taken as the starting point.

Yet even in this context the Papacy still looms as a most formidable obstacle. From 1520 on Luther unequivocally cursed it and this attitude has been his legacy to his followers. But the See of Peter has since been purified and spiritualized and Adam thinks that if the believing Protestant, prayerfully and without prejudice, examines Matt. xvi, 18-19, he will see

in Christ's words the institution of an enduring and unconquerable spiritual authority. While respecting the individual, Christ intended His Church to be an institution, an institution for salvation, and it is precisely this nice blend of the institutional with the personal that is foreign to Lutheran thought. Once this is understood their reluctance to accept Tradition along with Scripture as a source of Christ's revelation should likewise disappear.

How is reunion to be achieved? Both sides must do their share without ever jeopardizing the truth. Each will have to give much but each will profit greatly. The Lutheran's readjustment will be more difficult, but his reward will be also greater.

Is all this utopian? Some would undoubtedly term it that and one suspects at times that deep down Adam feels they would be right. But it is a desperate need and Adam does well to pose the problem. Realizing that charity and mutual forbearance provide a necessary foundation for a union of faith, the author echoes Him who prayed that all might be one

by begging that "If there cannot immediately be unity of faith, let there at least be unity of love."

JAMES L. TYNE, S.J.

From the Editor's shelf

THE ROSE ON THE SUMMIT, by Catherine Plummer (Putnam, \$3). Neither mawkishly sentimental nor cloyingly pietistic, this first novel is a realistic story of a convent school and of a young girl about to graduate. *Mary L. Dunn*, the reviewer, praises the work for its insight and the general excellence of the writing.

INDIA SINCE PARTITION, by Andrew Mellor (Praeger, \$2.50) is a good answer to two questions: why and how did India cease to be a British possession and become the two independent republics of India and Pakistan. Into his multi-patterned answer a skilled correspondent of the London *Daily Herald* weaves history, constitutional law and economics. *Dayakishor*, in reviewing the book, commends the author for his admirable study which is enhanced by apt quotations from the public utterances of the various patriots participant in the momentous change.

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THE WORD

"It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins" (2 Machabees 12:46, 2nd Mass for All Souls Day).

Old soldiers never die. In the army of Judas Machabeus many died for an infraction of discipline. Yet they lived on in the grateful heart of their leader. Their sin was not so great as to merit eternal separation from the God whose battles they fought. A victorious award awaited them once they had been purged of their sins. Judas Machabeus knew that it was of no avail to them merely to live on in the memory of those who survived. Prayer and sacrifice could speed the day of their victorious entry into the kingdom for which they had fought. He therefore sent an offering to the temple in Jerusalem that sacrifice might be offered for the dead.

The Jewish Law and ritual bear witness to purgatory (cf. *Jewish Encyclopedia* s.v. Purgatory). The Fathers of the Church and the early Eastern liturgies and the Latin Mass alike offer proof that purgatory is part

of the teaching of Christ: that it is indeed "a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

One of the most touching scenes in all Christian literature has to do with prayers for the dead. It occurs in the eleventh chapter of Book IX of the *Confessions* of St. Augustine.

The scene is Ostia on the River Tiber in the year 387. There death overtakes Monica as she is on the journey back to her native Africa. The dying saint turns to her son Augustine and tells him that now her great desire has been fulfilled: "that I might see thee a Catholic Christian before I died." This wish, she says, was more than granted in seeing her son devoted to the service of Christ. "Lay this body anywhere; let not the care for it be any concern to you. This only I beg of you, to remember me at the Lord's altar, wherever you may be." St. Augustine has the Holy Sacrifice offered for the repose of his mother's soul. Then he pours forth his soul to God in a prayer for the departed (Chap. XIII) that should be read by every Christian. He reminds Our Lord that Monica's life was centered about the Mass, and begs that whatever debts she contracted may be forgiven.

Monica could say with St. Paul: "I have fought the good fight, I have

finished the course, I have kept the faith. For the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice." So can every soul in purgatory say the same. The Church militant on earth has a duty toward the old soldiers of Christ who have fought the good fight and are still awaiting the crown. That duty she fulfills on the feast of All Souls and in dedicating the month of November to their remembrance. That duty she fulfills every day in the Mass.

At the offertory we are reminded that this Mass will be offered also "for all the faithful departed." In the Byzantine rite the share of the departed in the offering is highly dramatized. The priest prepares the hosts at the altar of preparation. The large host is called the Lamb. The small hosts that will be consecrated for the faithful are placed beside it. One is placed to the right to represent the Queen of Heaven. Then comes a series of nine to represent all the angels and saints. Then below the Lamb a row of hosts to represent the Church militant and below that a row to represent the faithful departed. At the offertory the paten thus arranged is solemnly carried to the altar of sacrifice. Thus are the old soldiers remembered in the kingdom where they never die. JOHN J. SCANLON, S.J.

THEATRE

BUY ME BLUE RIBBONS. One does not have to observe the theatre very long to discover that experienced actors, given a script of minimum merit, can impart their personal warmth and vitality to the characters, lending an uninspired play a superficial attractiveness it does not intrinsically possess. That is what happens in the comedy presented by Jay Robinson at The Empire. Sumner Locke Elliott, the author, is a long way from being an Oscar Wilde, but in the hands of a quintette of seasoned troupers his offering resembles a drollery that might have been written by a distant cousin of Norman (*John Loves Mary*) Krasna.

The story is rather involved, and the simplest way to clarify matters, perhaps, is to quote from Mr. Robinson's biographical note in the playbill. "Not only is Mr. Robinson producing and playing the leading role in this production," the playbill says, "but an incident in his career provided the playwright with the basic idea for this comedy." The playbill further discloses

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that while playing in *As You Like It*, "he conceived the idea of reviving *The Green Bay Tree* and playing the role of Julian himself. He arranged for the major part of the financing and turned the project over to an established producer-director. After rehearsing for two weeks, it was mutually agreed that the part was not suited to the talents of Mr. Robinson and he withdrew. It was the ironic humor of this situation that moved Sumner Locke Elliott to write *Buy Me Blue Ribbons*."

The story line in the current comedy is identical with its basic theme except that the ironic humor is missing and the producer-actor did not withdraw after two weeks of rehearsals. Art, after all, is an interpretation, not a duplicate, of life. While Mr. Robinson may not be as good an actor as he thinks he is, he shows sound judgment as a producer. He hired Cyril Ritchard to direct the production and Jack Landau to design the set and costumes, and both gentlemen have turned in creditable jobs.

As a master-stroke, he induced Audrey Christie, Vicki Cummings, Enid Markey, Gavin Gordon and Jack Hartley to accept supporting roles. Each and every one of those ladies and gentlemen is a specialist in extracting two laughs from an audience for every one faint snicker in the script.

LOVE AND LET LOVE, presented at The Plymouth by Anthony B. Farrell, brings Ginger Rogers back to the living theatre after years of exile in the shadow-world of motion pictures. Her return to the round stage hardly warrants a blowing of trumpets. All right, blow them, if you must; but keep them muted.

While Miss Rogers may be a great loss to Hollywood she is not an equivalent gain for Broadway. She has hardly any versatility to display, and barely sufficient competence to make one of her roles, the less important, persuasive.

Ralph Alswang's set forms appropriate background for Miss Rogers to emote against in stunning costumes designed by Jean Louis. Paul McGrath and Tom Elmore provide her with sturdy acting support. Mr. McGrath's performance, the finest I have seen this season, is in one second-act scene a breath-catching exhibition of bravura acting.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

REV. HUGH J. BIHLER, S.J. received his doctorate in psychology at the University of Vienna.

EDWARD J. SCHUSTER is assistant professor of modern languages at St. Louis University.

WILLIAM G. TYRRELL is with the Division of Archives and History of the New York State Department.

FILMS

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE is what is sometimes referred to as a critic's picture. A faithful adaptation of Stephen Crane's classic Civil War novel directed with great care and obviously as a labor of love by John Huston, it has been widely acclaimed by the critical fraternity as a masterpiece. At the same time it is opening several months after the originally scheduled date and being exhibited in the smaller "art" houses rather than in the mammoth downtown theatres which are the usual first run outlets for MGM's quality products because the sneak-preview reaction to the picture was almost unanimously poor.

My own reaction to it lay about halfway between the two extremes. Its photography and staging are admirable, its re-creation of the sights and sounds of a Civil War battlefield is stunningly authentic and its theme—the thin line between cowardice and heroism in battle—is both timeless and important. As it emerges on the screen, however, the story seemed to me to have more the air of a period piece than of a universal classic. The traditional inarticulateness of the foot-soldier, here expressed in the slang clichés of ninety years ago, diminishes rather than augments the film's timelessness of theme. Large chunks of Crane's old-fashioned prose, spoken by an unseen narrator, further heighten the effect of remoteness. Though the picture is not the stirring experience it was designed to be, it is a laudable effort and worth the family's attention. Performances by a starless cast including Audie Murphy, Bill Mauldin and John Dierkes are admirable.

THE BLUE VEIL is the first picture to roll off the RKO assembly line under the sponsorship of Jerry Wald and Norman Krasna, that studio's new joint heads of production. The Wald-Krasna aim is to make high-quality pictures with broad popular appeal. *The Blue Veil* is a good illustration of what producers generally mean by those particular terms and of the mediocrity which results from their use as a philosophy of moviemaking.

The story concerns a young widow of the First World War (Jane Wyman) who, upon the death of her own baby, becomes a governess. She follows this profession for thirty years, and the full but unhappy life which it brings her is recorded in a series of unrelated episodes. The first of these—featuring Charles Laughton as a likeable but

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extremely naive widower—is acutely written and honest in its perceptions, and Joan Blondell enlivens matters later on as a brassy musical comedy actress with an underdeveloped maternal instinct.

Throughout, the picture is painstakingly made and cast with a prodigal hand—Agnes Moorehead, Richard Carlson, Audrey Totter, Cyril Cusack, Everett Sloane and Don Taylor are only a partial list of its top-flight performers. For the most part, however, it is deliberately keyed to the synthetic level of soap opera with an incredibly long-suffering and wise heroine and an excess of both agony and treacle. Normally unsentimental *adults* should find it a little trying.

ANNE OF THE INDIES turns Jean Peters loose in the kind of “wicked lady with a heart of gold” role which generally signifies a promotion from starlet to star. The bad girl in this case is a very efficient seventeenth-century lady pirate whose allegiance to the code of the cut-throats results from a deplorable background and environment. Her ignorance of the finer side of life is partially dispelled by a cultivated crew member (Louis Jourdan), but when she discovers that the gentleman is in fact an undercover government agent with a sweet little wife (Debra Paget) back home, hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. For *adults* the end-product is a tasteless waste of talent and Technicolor.

(20th Century-Fox)

MOIRA WALSH

PARADE

THE MASSED BEHAVIOR-PATTERNS tossed up by the week failed to show any one kind of pattern predominating. . . . On the contrary, designs for living emerged in an endless variety of forms over far-flung areas. . . . Like oil and water, oil and flour did not mix well. . . . In Mexico City, three bakeries were closed by authorities for introducing motor oil into their bread. . . . Evaluation of horses seemed too high. . . . In Saint Polten, Austria, a citizen harnessed his wife to a wagon to conserve the health of his horse. . . . Horses edged between once-loving hearts. . . . In Detroit, a wife who frequents race tracks was told by her husband: “Take your choice. It's either me or the horses.” She chose the horses. . . . Tax detours were contrived. . . . In Indianapolis, a resident returned to the Internal Revenue office a blank tax form for

domestic servants and attached the note: “No taxes due now, as I married the hired girl. Not too dumb, was it?” . . . Remembered was the Forgotten Man. . . . Addressing the Massachusetts Legislature, a representative asked that a new highway be named: “Taxpayers Boulevard.” Clarifying his unprecedented attitude, he declared: “We have named highways to honor all types of individual heroes—statesmen, authors, poets, the Unknown Soldier. Gentlemen, I feel we should also honor the Unknown Taxpayer.”

Forward-looking financial wizards appeared. . . . In Boston, an official of the Society for Old-Age Pensions urged the State to put a tax on cats. He argued: “Cats must contribute their share toward the cost of old-age pensions now shouldered by the government.” . . . Colorful scenes stirred urban centers. . . . In Glasgow, Scotland, crowds gathered to watch striking embalmers picketing a funeral parlor. . . . Bucolic scenes also attracted attention. . . . Near Francois Lake, B. C., fifty drunken ducks won considerable notice. They had sampled moonshine mash. . . . In the vicinity of Oldenburg, Germany, 200 horses without tails excited unfavorable comment. Thieves, motivated by the rising price of horse hair, had cut off their tails. . . . Aimlessness begot distress. . . . Near Soberga, Sweden, the elk hunting season produced so many dead cows, horses and pigs, that farmers painted: “cow,” “horse,” “pig,” etc., on the sides of their livestock. . . . New larcenous angles were uncovered. . . . In Medicine Lodge, Kan., a burglary insurance salesman admitted twenty-eight thefts in fourteen Kansas towns. The Sheriff said: “I got on his trail when I learned that all the places robbed had taken out burglary insurance from him.”

Although the week's behavior-patterns showed no predominating type of behavior pattern, there was, nevertheless, a characteristic common to many of the patterns, to wit, the characteristic of false evaluation. . . . Husbands valued horses more than wives; wives valued horses more than husbands. . . . Bakers placed profits above unloiled bread. . . . Burglary insurance salesmen burglarized customers. . . . The reason for all this is that multitudes of human beings get the unimportant things of life mixed up with the one important thing. . . . There is only one really important thing in life for every man—the salvation of his immortal soul. . . . Christ made that very clear when He said: “What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul.”

JOHN A. TOOMEY

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CORRESPONDENCE

What does the parish offer?

EDITOR: College graduates ignore parish organizations because of the insipid bill of fare offered them.

Too many parishes afford no channel for group action in the crucial papal-pointed fields: management-labor relations, racial tensions, business and professional ethics, philosophies underlying law and education, land tenure, migrant labor, the social nature of finance, etc.

The college man does accept the challenge to leadership in these fields because they are his very life. I know from a growing experience with social-action groups that he is hungry for the Church's integrated program of positive social action. Following group study and understanding, he feels impelled to bring Christ into the market place—his daily world.

But I doubt that the re-Christianization of our social institutions can come about through the lone-wolf parish, bound by geographic limits. Some organization wider and more vertical in concept will be necessary to utilize the college grad to the utmost in his own trade or profession.

(REV.) J. B. GREMILLION

Shreveport, La.

Evening rosary

EDITOR: Despite his superhuman effort to be fair, Hugh J. Tallon (Feature "X," 10/13) may have overlooked one reason for not attending the parish rosary every evening.

I know of some Catholics whose evenings are short because they go to bed early so as to get up early enough to assist at morning Mass and receive Holy Communion.

Would Mrs. Daly (Am. 9/29) and Professor Tallon, in their preoccupation with the rosary, recognize this as at least legitimate behavior?

Chicago, Ill. LOUIS BALDWIN

EDITOR: With the approbation of Archbishop McIntyre, the rosary is recited here over radio station KFWB every evening, and people follow it at home. No one is expected to put a call through to a Catholic home between 7:45 and 8 P.M.

These rosary broadcasts are now in their third year. Rev. Peter Conroy of the Los Angeles Archdiocese, their director, estimates that they are listened to by about a million people, including many Protestants and Jews.

(MRS.) THERESA DIERKES

Pasadena, Calif.

Charlie Wilsons

EDITOR: Regarding the article "Two Charlie Wilsons" (Am. 9/29), perhaps the members of "country clubs, Union League Clubs, athletic clubs, etc." esteem both Charlie Wilsons because they know from experience how much ability and application it takes to "emerge from the pack" and "join the aristocracy of men who manage big business."

Perhaps, also, they know the limits of a Charlie Wilson, notwithstanding his ability. They realize the effrontery of a man's trying, by means of wage, price and production limitations, to blueprint the actions of a nation of individualists.

Is this the reason why the author of "Two Charlie Wilsons" differentiates them from the less conservative citizens who nightly solve the nation's problems over a couple of beers?

Sewickley, Penn.

R. E. W.

Why the Reds flourish

EDITOR: You ask your readers to enlighten you as to why so many working people support Red-dominated unions (9/15, p. 569). Our experience in Arizona may help to explain this phenomenon.

The fight between the copper industry and the unions up to and through World War I was tough and bloody.

Efforts to organize by John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers failed. Some AFL unions then sent men into the field to organize the skilled copper workers. They had only snobbish contempt for the unskilled Mexican "muckers."

Until the Communist-led Mine, Mill and Smelters came on the scene, the Mexican muckers in the mines had no one to go to bat for them. They don't know about Phil Murray, Walter Reuther, Emile Rieve, James Carey, or about George Meany's fight against the Reds. They don't know about the papal encyclicals. They do know that MM&S has got them better wages. A few weeks ago they got another 20c an hour.

Certain leaders in Arizona seem more anti-labor than anti-Communist. They are indignant about Germany and Korea, but apathetic about the injustice that is being committed in their own backyard.

Under the circumstances, can you place the whole blame on the muckers?

Phoenix, Ariz.

W. J. EDEN